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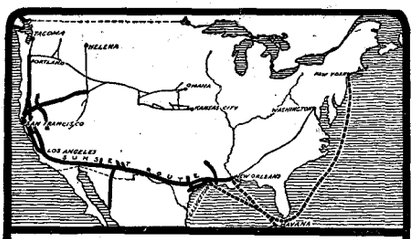

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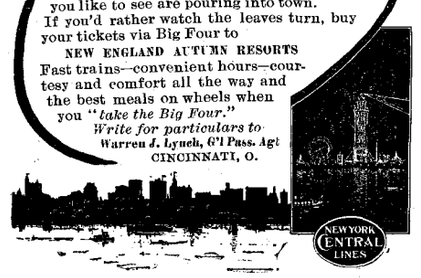

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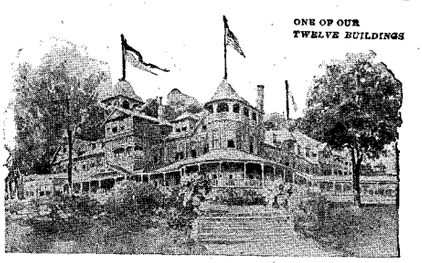

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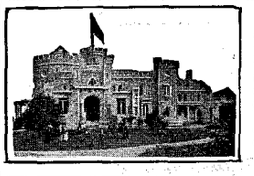

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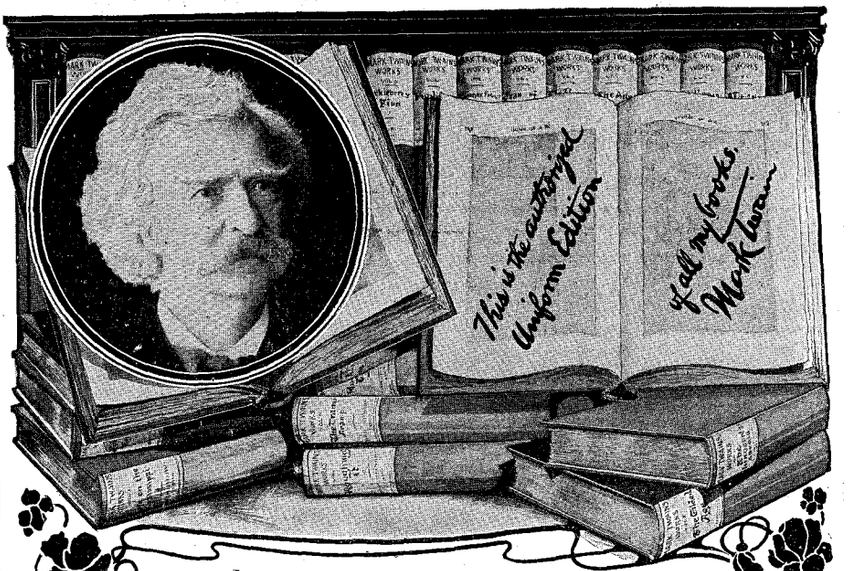

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MR. JEROME'S DEFIANCE TO THE BOSSES.

WHILE most of the newspapers express hearty sympathy with District-Attorney Jerome's idea of ousting the bosses from American politics, none of them seems to expect that such a spectacular expulsion will be witnessed by the present generation, and some fear that it will be the District-Attorney, instead of the bosses, who will be out of politics at the end of the fight. "The big thing," says Mr. Jerome, "is to break down the evil solidarity of the political machines and to go over the heads of the groups of men who control these machines, or the bosses, directly to the people." So he is going to disregard the party machines in the approaching New York City campaign, seek renomination for District-Attorney of New York County by petition, and trust to the people for election. In doing this, he says, "I hope to create discussion all over the country, especially of local political affairs," and to bring out "whether the people are politically free, or subservient to the one-man power." He believes that "this is the appropriate time to make the test," as "there is a feeling of unrest throughout the country." Mr. Jerome himself does not seem very sanguine of victory, for, he says, "whether I am successful or not, it will not shake my faith in the principle." His formal statement, which is interpreted as a defiance to both the political bosses in New York, is in part as follows:

"It seems to me that one of the greatest evils of the present time is that small groups of men have—and not infrequently a single man has—obtained control of the executive machinery of party organizations and nominating conventions, and stood between public service and the voters. The result is that one in public office usually has to choose between a termination of his public career or subserviency to such a man or group of men. The public officer, as a consequence, frequently feels no responsibility to the people, but only to those who can secure for him a return to office or future promotion.

"In the exercise of this power such men and groups of men are wholly selfish, almost entirely irresponsible, and not infrequently corrupt.

"A man who works with such a group and receives favors at their hands comes under implicit obligations which can not honorably be disregarded. He can not take office by their favor and still be free to deal with them and their demands as his oath of office requires. . . . . .

"I do not propose to remain in office by the grace of any man or group of men such as I have indicated, and I shall retire from office only in consequence of the mandate of the people.

"When I say 'the mandate of the people,' I mean precisely that; and I know of no way other than that provided by the election law of ascertaining what the people desire in such a matter.

"Therefore, if at the proper time there are two thousand electors in the County of New York who desire to have me run again for the office of district-attorney of that county I shall cause a petition to be filed nominating me for election to that office, and in this way submit it to the people of this county to say whether or not they desire me to serve them for another term in the office I now hold."

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY JEROME,
Who declares his independence of the political bosses.

This defiance "is of national interest and importance," declares the Boston *Herald* (Ind.), for "Mr. Jerome is making war upon bosses, upon the political machinery which has deprived the people of their power over their own Government." The New York *Sun* (Ind.) also calls it an experiment "of national interest," "with the sympathies of the onlookers," it adds, "everywhere overwhelmingly in favor of the fearless challenger." The Philadelphia *Press* (Rep.) remarks that the Jerome plan of appealing to the people "would be impossible for any man not equally well known and having had equal opportunities," but it also believes that "the personal appeal is to be more and more common in civic affairs." It goes on to say:

"Party organization will continue necessary. It is indispensable to secure reform legislation through union with a State party. New men will be nominated and the usual average office will always be filled by regular party action.

"But our cities are to be more and more open to the direct declaration and appeal of the individual citizen, who has the confidence of his fellow-citizens. It was with this Mayor Weaver smashed the machine here. For ten years city elections have shown that such appeals are possible and practicable. Our cities grow more homogeneous. Their citizens act together. Better and better they know each other and their leaders.

"The political machines are not stronger, but weaker. They may look strong, because there are more offices, but this is mere show. When the people move these vanish. Tammany could once have crushed a man like Jerome. It can no longer. Courage, principle, faithful service, confidence in the people, direct appeals to them are more to-day than ever. Where they are their future success is certain."

Mr. Jerome is a Democrat in national politics, but was elected

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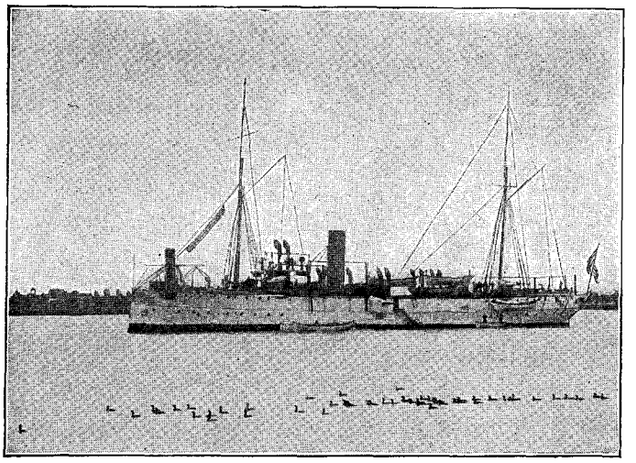
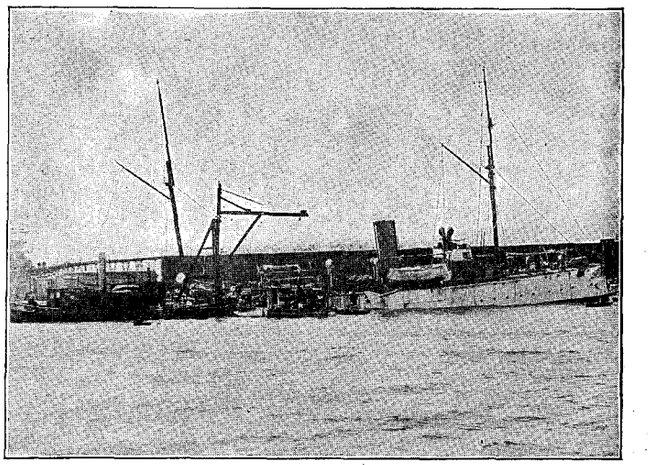


THE "BENNINGTON" AT ANCHOR IN SAN DIEGO BAY BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.



THE "BENNINGTON" BEACHED AFTER THE EXPLOSION, WITH RESCUE CREWS AT WORK.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE DISASTER.

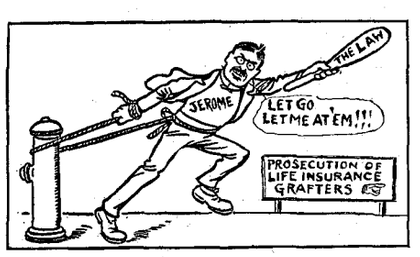
From photographs by Ezra Hamilton, of San Diego, a LITERARY DIGEST subscriber.

District-Attorney of New York County four years ago on the Fusion ticket, in opposition to Tammany. The anti-Tammany papers in New York think that his rigorous prosecution of evil-doers has had much to do with making the Tammany office-holders toe the mark. Mr. Cutting, the Citizens' Union leader, is out with a statement favoring Jerome for mayor; but the District-Attorney expressly disclaims any ambition to sit in the mayor's chair, and Mayor McClellan's popularity is so great that some political observers think Mr. Jerome displays considerable astuteness in his choice of ambitions.

A movement is taking form to place Mr. Jerome's name on the Republican slate for District-Attorney, and the Brooklyn *Standard Union* (Rep.) believes that "the Republicans of New York County could not do a wiser or more consistent thing." Another Republican paper, the New York *Globe*, says:

"It would be a fatal mistake on the part of the Republican organization to refuse to renominate Mr. Jerome, for to do so would be to admit that his standard of official conduct was too high to meet their approval. With his name on their ticket, or on a fusion ticket, the opponents of Tammany would have a moral force which will be difficult to obtain if his name shall be kept off for any reason. He contributed powerfully to the success of Fusion four years ago, and he is a more powerful personality now than he was then because of his nearly four years in office. His experience has fitted him for more valuable service in the future than he has been capable of in the past, and the city should be given the benefit of that experience."

To turn to the opposition view, the Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.) thinks Mr. Jerome's new pose is merely a piece of spectacular acting to catch votes. It remarks:



GIVE HIM A CHANCE.
—Maybell in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"In this campaign no reliance can be placed upon the 'Red Lights,' the 'Brass Checks,' and the other paraphernalia that were so successful four years ago. Some other means of arousing the emotional side of the voters have to be employed to make the District-Attorney the center of the fight, as he was in the Low-Shepard campaign. Accordingly, Mr. Jerome and his advisers put their heads together and decided to work the 'nomination by petition' racket. It is so bold, so heroic, this Ajax attitude toward the wicked political organizations and the tyrannical bosses, and as New Yorkers are proverbially 'easy' and the press of New York is much given to the exploitation of everything that is bizarre, abnormal, and savoring of the sensational, the wily District-Attorney is sure of having the attention of the people concentrated upon him.

"Well, it suits B. B. Odell, Jr., W. R. Hearst, R. Fulton Cutting, John C. Sheehan, and all the other anti-Democratic elements to have Jerome starred, as they intend to utilize his popularity and his methods of campaigning for the benefit of the Fusion ticket, upon which Jerome's name will appear as sure as fate. Not that B. B. Odell, Jr., or W. R. Hearst love Jerome or want to see him District-Attorney, but because they want to beat McClellan, and in politics, according to Machiavelli, the end justifies the means."

"FADS AND FANCIES" OF NEW YORK'S "SMART SET."

THE arrest last month of a solicitor connected with the "Social Editors' Society" of New York, for alleged blackmail at the instance of a stubborn broker who refused to pay $500 for a "write-up" in "Fads and Fancies," under the penalty of having his shortcomings exposed in *Town Topics*, resulted in a disclosure of the ridiculous vanity of so many men and women prominent in commercial, financial, and social life that it "has become," says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the mirth of the metropolis and the comedy of a continent." If all reports be true, the foibles of the leaders in high finance and in exclusive society, or their desire to get their names in print or keep them out of print, has furnished a golden opportunity to a lot of not over-scrupulous writers who have not been slow in taking advantage of it. *Town Topics*, *The Smart Set*, *The New Yorker*, "Fads and Fancies," "Homes and Hobbies," "America's Foremost Families," and other similar publications unknown to the plebeian masses, but either feared or admired by the *haut monde*, are some of the best paying magazines and books in the country. *Town Topics* has made its owner and editor, Col. William D'Alton Mann, wealthy; while "Fads and Fancies" has already netted him and his associates the pretty sum of about $200,000, altho, as it appears, no serious effort has been made to print the one hundred copies in edition *de luxe* of this now famous volume. These facts have all come to light as the result of the one criminal case that has been commenced; while more startling discoveries are expected to follow from other prosecutions, of which rumors are now in the air.

The thing that creates the greatest surprise and the loudest demands for explanation is the really high standing of many of the people whose names are involved in the affair. Thus the Toledo *Blade* remarks:

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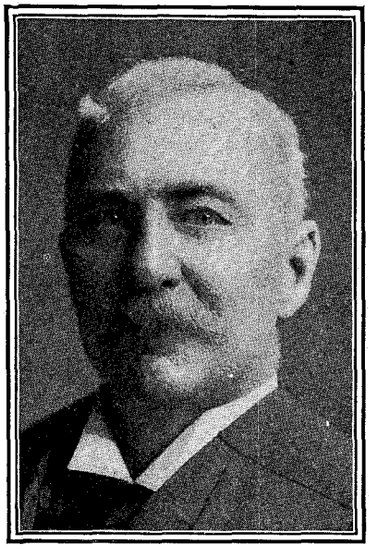
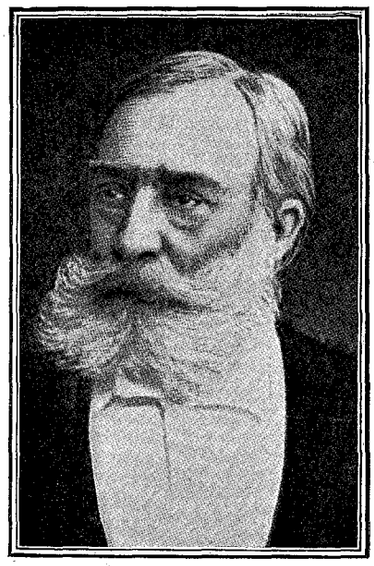
"Occasionally some man or woman, who by some stroke of fortune becomes suddenly rich, makes a spectacle by the efforts he or she puts forth to break into society. Their doings are ludicrous and they are held up to merited derision. But it was not expected that families like the Astors, Vanderbilts, Depews, Mackays, Huntingtons, and others would find it necessary to buy their way into public recognition by paying from $500 to $10,000 for laudatory articles in cheap books and papers."



JOSEPH M. DEUEL,

Justice of the Special Sessions Court of New York City, who has been called upon to explain why he receives a "gratuity" of $100 a month from *Town Topics*.



COL. WILLIAM D'ALTON MANN.

Society leaders don't like to have their names appear in his *Town Topics*, but they paid handsome sums to have them inserted in his book called "Fads and Fancies."

ARBITRI ELEGANTIARUM.

The sum which Senator Chauncey M. Depew confesses that he paid for "Fads and Fancies" was $1,500. His subscription was made shortly after his second marriage, at a rather advanced age in life, to a beautiful young woman much younger than himself. The facts in his case may serve to explain the methods employed to dupe, intimidate, or persuade other subscribers. It seems that the venerable Senator wanted to be "treated right by the boys" who might be inclined to twit him in the society journals about his new marital venture. Colonel Mann, however, declares that the genial Depew was simply "springing one of his jokes" if he intimated that he was prompted to buy space in "Fads and Fancies" for fear of being badgered in *Town Topics*. When asked by a reporter of the New York *Tribune*: "Don't they take you for an easy mark?" Senator Depew replied, with a laugh, "I guess I am. I find it hard to refuse my friends at all times." But it is generally admitted that he was a "mark" no "easier" than many others equally as prominent and as supposedly worldly wise as he.

"Can it be possible," asks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "that the *chronique scandaleuse* of Newport furnished material for an American Balzac to shock and amuse the world?" Only a few, however, seem inclined to answer *The Eagle's* question in the affirmative. The prevailing opinion seems to be like that of the Denver *News*, which thinks that it was vanity and social ambition as much as the fear of scandalous and unpleasant gossip, which give the society editors the leverage by which they can hoist money from the pockets of the wealthy. Says *The News:*

"One of the common enterprises of every community is the making of histories of one sort or another, the pictures in which are paid for by the distinguished personages whose biographies are introduced, and the sale of which is assured on the same generous basis. For a farmer to pay $50 for a picture of himself and his home in a 'History of Backwoods County' is much the same thing as for a New York millionaire to pay $5,000 for the same sort of glory, only after another pattern."

The absurdities printed about New York society leaders, either by way of compliment or abuse, are so gross that many people are holding these celebrities up to ridicule or scorn. Says the Cincinnati *Times Star:*

"New York's 'smart set' does not amount to much against the background of the great bulk of conservative, honest Americanism. It deserves about as prominent a position as an unclean atom would occupy on the broad, wind-swept prairies that stretch from the Mississippi to the Rockies."

Town Topics, more than any other paper, is held responsible for

THE BLACKMAILER'S SILENT PARTNER.

—Bradley in the Chicago *News*.

STAND IN LINE AND DONT CROWD
BE SMART- ONLY COST $500
GET INTO THE SELECT CIRCLES CHEAP TODAY AT $1500
BE EXCLUSIVE $2,500
ALSO HIM TO BECOME ONE OF THE 400
BECOME A 499 AND GET A FULL PAGE PORTRAIT FREE
TERMS CASH
TO THE PRESS ROOM AND VAULTS
CASHIER
AND NOW I BELONG TO THE 400!
BURKES PEERAGE
WEBSTER

BREAKING INTO HIGH SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.

—Webster in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*.

CHICAGO SKETCHES OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

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the spread of unsavory news which has given such an unenviable reputation to high social life in the metropolis. When its editor, Colonel Mann, was asked by a reporter of the New York *Times* why, now that he is wealthy, he continues to publish such a paper, he said he did so to keep worse publications of a similar nature from coming into existence, and for the further reason that he was doing a great and valuable service to the public. Says the Colonel:

"Do you know what I want to do—what I am doing? I am showing up those people. I am making them impossible. I am teaching the great American people not to pay attention to that sort of silly fools. And by and by those men and women that *Town Topics* is showing in their true light will become so disgusted with themselves that they will reform. Yes, sir, that's what they'll do. Do you still think I am wrong in publishing *Town Topics?*"

The descriptions given by *Town Topics* in reporting its scandal and gossip make the "smart set" appear the most pitiable and ridiculous set of people that ever pretended to be fashionable and refined. "The pictures of its life and character presented by this purveyor of tittle-tattle," says the New York *Sun*, "are of a society without dignity, without repose, frivolous and at its wits' ends to relieve the monotony of an utterly dull and dreary existence." But *The Sun* does not believe that these pictures correctly represent what they are supposed to portray, and declares:

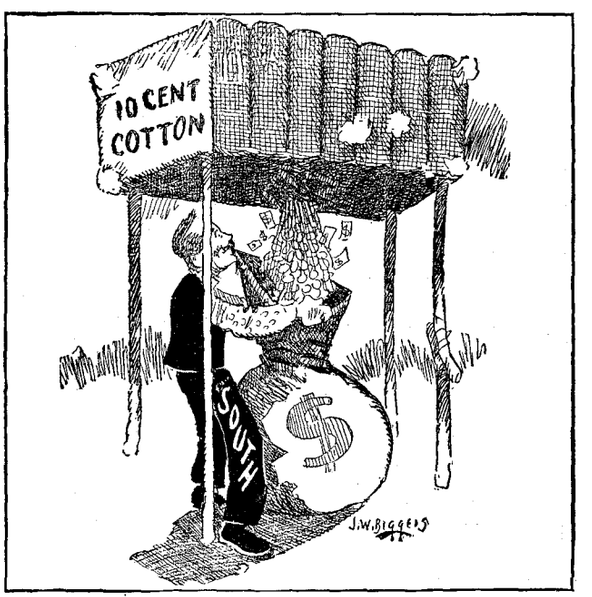
"No society could hold together which was so vacuous. It would go to pieces from sheer weariness of its monkeyshines and its insipidity. We are inclined rather to look on this printed tittle-tattle as merely the terrible penalty which these poor people have to pay for their 'smart' distinction. Will not the end be that decently decorous people will be driven into simplicity of living to escape from that sort of notoriety? To be published as a fool because you are 'smart' must grow to be so absolutely unendurable that, of all things, people will avoid most the reputation of 'smartness.'"

MORE SCANDALS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

THE proof that the Government cotton crop reports were "doctored" and sold in advance of official publication to brokers interested in the cotton market; the charge and growing suspicion that trouble of a similar nature exists in regard to the tobacco reports; the exposure of the scheme of a department scientist to exploit under the prestige of his position an invention to the profit of a private commercial company; and the dismissals and resignations which have followed these scandals, together with the return of one prominent ex-official to his old home in England and the refusal of other men recently connected with the Government to testify before the grand jury for fear of incriminating themselves, prompt the New York *Herald* (Ind.) to remark that "the public is getting a good idea of the conditions which prevail in the Department of Agriculture." In fact, the review of the situation and the forecast of coming events, as made by *The Herald*, are very gloomy, for it predicts that there will be indictments of officials involved in the conspiracy and bribery proved, the removal of many others from the department "as looseness of administration, incompetency, and dishonesty are disclosed," and a curtailment of annual appropriations as a result of the congressional investigation which is likely to be started next winter.

This unpleasant outlook seems to be due largely to the fact that Secretary Wilson has found something to condemn or correct in the several bureaus which have so far been examined in the course of the general overhauling which he is giving his department. The June report of the tobacco crop was as glaringly wrong as was the report of the cotton crop. The increase of acreage was given as 20 per cent. The Secretary detected the error immediately after publication and issued a revised report showing that the increase was only 1 per cent., but the mistake ran uncorrected long enough to cause some loss to the tobacco-growers, and hence occasioned more distrust against the Agricultural Department. The New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.) declares that a suspicion has been aroused among the tobacco men that the mistake was not altogether an innocent one, while Representative Trimble, in speaking for the tobacco-growers of his State, says:

"These errors cost the tobacco-growers of the South and Middle West thousands of dollars. The tobacco trouble is more serious to the people than the cotton leak. What do you suppose happened down the western part of Kentucky and Tennessee when the June tobacco report came from the department showing that there was an increase of 20 per cent. in tobacco acreage? Just one thing—the tobacco-grower concluded that as his neighbor was raising so much tobacco the best thing he could do would be to sell at



THE SOUTH—"This is the kind of cotton leakage I like."
—Biggers in the Nashville *Banner*.

once. He did so, and he sold at a greatly reduced price. To whom did he sell? The agent of the tobacco trust, of course. In other words, the tobacco trust had its man right there on the spot, just as if it knew what was going to happen, and he took the tobacco as fast as it was shoved at him."

The scandal regarding the tobacco crop report came to light on July 21. One week later the Bureau of Plant Industry was under a cloud of suspicion. Secretary Wilson on July 28 was obliged to accept the resignation of Mr. George T. Moore, head of the laboratory of plant physiology in that bureau, for the "good of the service." This came about through revelations made by *The National Stockman and Farmer*, a trade journal of Pittsburg, Pa. This paper charged that Mr. Moore was using the bulletins issued by the Department of Agriculture to "boom" his nitro-culture, that by so doing he was leading the farming public "to the investment of a great sum of money for a material that would prove valueless in the great majority of instances"; and that while "the plant industry was being [thus] prostituted to commercial ends," Mr. Moore was financially interested in a company organized to manufacture this new fertilizer. The defense of Mr. Moore, as reported by the newspapers, is as follows:

"When the company was organized, Mr. Moore said, he was informed that a block of stock had been made out in his wife's name and would be reserved for him, but this stock was retained simply to await his opportunity of joining the company if the department did not raise his salary. Feeling that the matter had run on long enough without the expected advance, Mr. Moore says, he tendered his resignation to Mr. Woods [his superior in office] on December 17, 1904, to join the company. Mr. Woods replied that

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the Agricultural Committee in Congress had agreed to raise his salary. Mr. Moore said he could not remember the exact date of the return of the stock, but it was on or before April 16, the date of his advance in salary."

This defense was not satisfactory to *The National Stockman and Farmer*, which replies:

"This means plainly that during all the months that the extraordinary bulletins upon nitro-culture were being prepared and issued, and the extravagant articles in the magazines were being revised by Dr. Moore, he was holding under advisement an offer of a big salary and a big block of stock from the concern that was receiving practically all the profit from the nitro-culture agitation. It is a peculiarly unfortunate condition of things, destroying the public confidence in the utterances of the department upon nitro-culture."

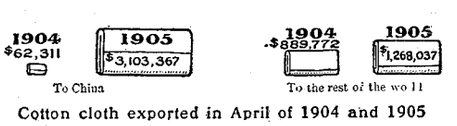
The personal integrity of Secretary Wilson stands unimpeached amid all this scandal which has involved his department. Only a few papers are now calling for his resignation. The attitude of the press, without regard to politics, seems to be more friendly to him now than it was a month ago. Thus the New York *World* (Dem.) in answer to the question "Why should he resign?" says:

"Which department has been freer from scandals? Mr. Roosevelt has found plenty of fraud and corruption in the public service. But Postmaster-General Payne did not resign, altho he brazenly attempted to shelter the postal thieves. Secretary Taft does not resign when an army officer is found guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. Secretary Hitchcock did not resign, altho land-stealing by government officials and their partners had become a regular industry in the West. He went in and punished the guilty. No one expects President Roosevelt to resign when subordinates prove incompetent or dishonest. Secretary Wilson's case is different from Payne's. Payne inherited a great part of the postal frauds from his predecessor, but he was eager as a practical politician to balk exposure. Secretary Wilson has held office through two Administrations. His fault has been overtrustfulness and lack of vigilance, but he seeks publicity as eagerly as Payne sought to suppress it. His most urgent duty now is to clean house thoroughly. To resign before he has done that would be to shirk responsibility, and that, to his credit, he shows no signs of doing."

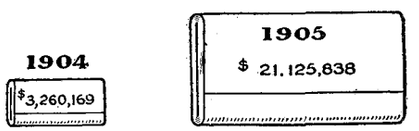
ALARM OVER THE CHINESE BOYCOTT.

IN spite of all that President Roosevelt has done to modify the harsh execution of the exclusion laws, the Chinese boycott of American imports has, as the London *Times* declares, "assumed proportions impossible to ignore." This long threatened and much advertised action (discussed at length in our issue of July 8) is manifesting itself over wide areas and with a seriousness that was not expected. As the Brooklyn *Eagle* points out, "opposition has developed to various railway enterprises in which American . . . capital has been invested; work has been forbidden on buildings that had been begun by Americans, and American ships can not discharge their loads; contracts with American firms are annulled or not renewed." And the Chinese *chargé d'affaires* at Paris is reported by the New York *Evening Post* as saying "that when the boycott spreads to North China, the chief market of American goods, the effect will be very much more perceptible." A list compiled by *The Chronicle* of San Francisco shows that at least one merchant in that city has already suffered a considerable loss of trade. Tin Eli, an educated Chinaman, and the outside manager of the Russo-Chinese bank, is represented by *The Chronicle* as saying:

"We are informed by our correspondents in China that about ten thousand of the principal merchants have signed the boycott resolutions, which carry a penalty of about $4,000 for their violation. We are further informed that Chinese newspapers are now refusing advertisements of American firms and have canceled the existing contracts."

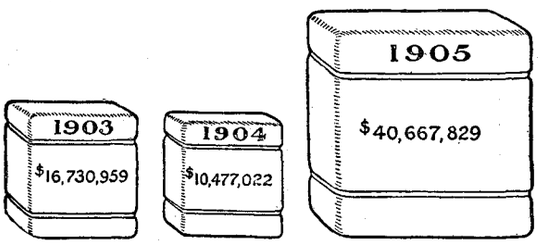


Cotton cloth exported in April of 1904 and 1905



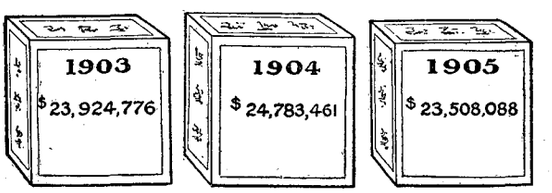
Cotton cloth exported from the United States to China in the ten months ending in April

—From *Collier's Weekly*.



Exports from the United States to China in the ten months ending with April of the years indicated on the diagrams

It is apparent that our exports to China were nearly four times as great in 1905 as they were in 1904



Imports from China to the United States in the ten months corresponding with the above

—From *Collier's Weekly*.

Since the Chinese boycott has become an established fact, the press of the country have awakened to a full realization of the seriousness of the situation, and much interesting discussion is now going on as to its causes and consequences, and as to what course the United States should now pursue. Comment takes its color from the interest that is supported. On the one side is the National Association of Manufacturers, of 3,500 members, which, as the Augusta *Chronicle* declares, "representing nearly 500,000 working people and $800,000,000 of capital, will use all its influence upon the next Congress to have the Chinese exclusion law mitigated in such a way as to appease the Chinamen." On the other hand are the tens of thousands of union labor men, who will oppose every effort to break down the exclusion barriers against coolie labor, as is clearly indicated by the recent interview of Mr. Samuel Gompers with President Roosevelt. The American interests which will be the heaviest losers if the Chinese persist in their boycott are the cotton-planters, the cotton and cotton-cloth traders, and merchants in the South and East, and the residents of the Pacific coast States. We reproduce from *Collier's Weekly* some diagrams showing in a graphic manner the statistics of the trade between the United States and China. A reference to these diagrams will show that in the ten months ending in April, 1905, American exports to China were worth $40,667,829, of which $21,125,838 was of cotton-cloth, and imports from that country were valued at $23,508,088. These figures, altho small in comparison with those of the trade with European countries, are very encouraging as compared with the figures of the trade between the United States and China in former years. All this splendid trade the United States is in danger of losing, so the alarmists declare, without saying anything about the loss of the prospects of the enormous increase to $400,000,000 a year, when one dollar's worth of goods would be exported for every Chinaman in the Flowery

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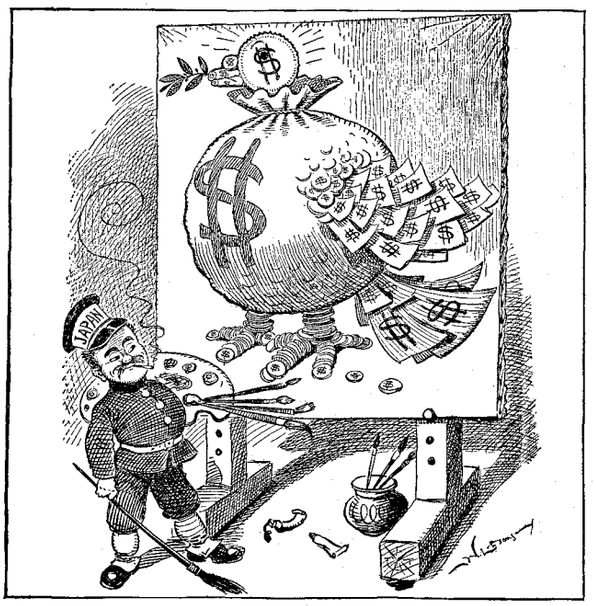

JAPAN'S IDEA OF THE DOVE OF PEACE.
—Evans in the Cleveland *Leader*.

THEIR RESERVED SEATS.
China and Korea will endeavor to be represented at the peace conference.
—Maybell in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

AS THE CARTOONISTS SEE IT.

Kingdom, as Mr. J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, was hoping would come to pass if nothing interfered with his plans.

What is the real animus back of this unfriendly step which the Chinese have taken against America? The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* quotes Col. Charles Denby, former minister to China and ex-member of the Philippine Commission, and now diplomatic adviser of the viceroy of North China, as saying that it is the desire of China to enforce respect for travelers, merchants, and students. Says this paper:

"In his view, the Chinese Government has no objection to the Chinese exclusion laws, so far as they are limited to keeping out of this country laborers of the coolie class. Indeed, in his opinion, if the exclusion laws were repealed, the Chinese Government would itself pass laws forbidding coolies to come to this country. The government has a contract to furnish laborers for the mines of South Africa and has difficulty in securing men enough to fill those contracts."

A. IMARA SATO,
The talkative member of Baron Komura's suite, whose loquacity has delighted newspaper men and perplexed the diplomats.

But the Singapore *Free Press* takes an entirely different view. It shows that the wording of the protest drawn up at Shanghai, where the movement originated, was "against the severe restrictions which America is imposing against all immigration of Chinese laborers within her borders." The use of the word "laborers" makes *The Free Press* conclude that the fight is against exclusion of any kind. This view seems reasonable in the light of certain facts given by Mr. Stephen Bonsal in an article in the New York *Herald*. Says this writer: "The democratic tide is rising in China even as in Russia, in Japan, and in the rest of the world. A man would seem to be regarded as a man for all that in China to-day even if he be but a coolie." Some doubt is expressed by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* as to whether it will be possible, on account of this present temper of the Chinese people, to obtain China's consent to another treaty with the United States providing for the exclusion even of coolies.

THE JAPANESE PRESS AGENT.

SLAVONIC stolidity and Oriental secretiveness are proverbial. As the Russian and Japanese peace plenipotentiaries and their attachés are representative men of their respective countries it was naturally expected that they would display these peculiar racial qualities and envelop themselves during all the course of their mission in a veil of impenetrable reserve and silence. But they did nothing of the kind. They submitted to be interviewed, were tempted into answering statement with counter-statement, and then into contradicting themselves in a way that completely surprised and delighted the newspaper men with whom they came in contact. Says the New York *Evening Post*: "There have been peace conferences many, and plenipotentiaries have met before, but we doubt if the world's history up till now can show the sort of diplomatic shouting from housetops to which we are to-day listening."

Mr. A. Imara Sato, of Baron Komura's suite, began the talking, and he kept it going even after Mr. Serge J. Witte, the Czar's senior peace envoy, landed at New York last week. On August 2, however, he seemed to realize that he had overstepped the limits of discretion, and so he expressed his regrets to the reporters who had assembled at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and informed them that their daily meeting with him must end. "It has been very pleasant," he politely said, "but now we must stop. I shall be so very busy." But before he announced this resolution (which was soon broken) he had told about all that a diplomat could tell. Says the New York *World*:

"Mr. Sato—speaking absolutely for himself—had given a ready answer to almost every question, but now it was all over. His ideas as to what Japan should demand had been very thoroughly aired and a good many things that otherwise would not have been made public have been spread broadcast over the world. Some of

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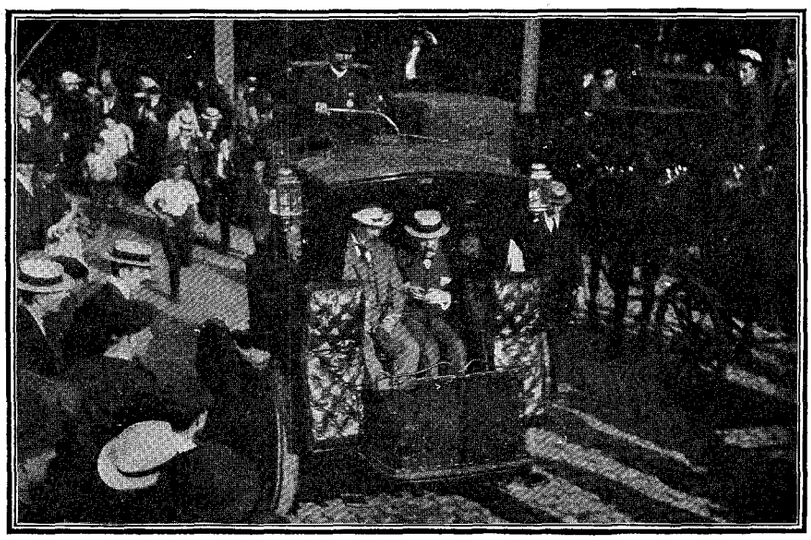
them have even reached St. Petersburg, and comments thereon have been cabled back to this country."

On August 5 the peace plenipotentiaries departed for Oyster Bay. But before they left Mr. Sato was unable to refrain from imparting a few final "confidences" to his newspaper friends. If he is correctly reported by the New York *Tribune*, he publicly and freely discussed with his interviewers again all the more important problems to be solved at the conference at Portsmouth. So it appears that Mr. Sato is the person whom the world has to thank for the information that Japan will insist upon keeping Saghalien and demand an indemnity of $700,000,000 as the first terms of any treaty of peace. The announcement that he was speaking "absolutely for himself" was not made until time was given to find out what effect his remarks would have upon the authorities at St. Petersburg and the world at large. Newspapers are now asking what object, if any, Baron Komura had in attaching to his suite such a talkative man as Mr. Sato, for they are in doubt as to whether they have been grossly deceived or have been made the unwitting instruments for conveying "bluffs" and threats to Russia. Thus the New York *Sun*, in a half-humorous vein, says:

"The masterly skill with which Mr. Sato screened his force in its journey from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic, the strategic genius he has displayed in keeping it perfectly covered ever since it occupied and entrenched itself in the Waldorf-Astoria, a week ago yesterday, can not be overpraised.

"The selection of such a man for a post of such peculiar difficulty, moreover, is only another evidence of the astuteness of Baron Komura himself. Knowing the Japanese genius for anticipating with minute preparation all future contingencies that may be humanly possible, it can not be doubted that the newspaper interview feature of the peace conference expedition to America was studied and perfected before leaving Tokyo with as much minuteness of detail as were the more vital plans involved in the contest."



MR. WITTE'S ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.
Baron Rosen and Count Witte, the Russian peace plenipotentiaries, on their way from the steamer to their hotel.

If the purpose of Mr. Sato was to elicit expressions of opinion from Russian officials, he must feel greatly satisfied with his success, for the Czar, if a special cable to the New York *Times* be true, took occasion to publicly declare his approval of the recommendation to continue the war till the enemy is crushed, and, above all, not to think of the cession of territory or the payment of an indemnity, and to make no peace unworthy of great Russia"; and Mr. Witte, while *en route* to this country, was reported to have said: "I am afraid peace negotiations will be ended in a week. The Japanese conditions are too intolerable to admit discussion." Mr. Witte, however, upon landing, declared, through an interpreter, to the reporters assembled to meet him, that if he made this remark, "it was in a private capacity, and he had no knowledge that it was to be used for publication."

TOPICS IN BRIEF.

A GREAT many American cities will sympathize with Porto Rico in her aspirations after home rule.—*The Detroit Tribune.*

ARKANSAS needn't think it can get in the picture merely by announcing that its legislators are boodlers. What the people want nowadays is novelty.—*Puck.*

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL.
—McCord in the Newark *News*.

NOT THE EASY SUMMER RESORT FOR HIM IT USED TO BE.
—Payne in the Pittsburg *Gazette*.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE "STEGOMYIA FASCIATA."

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LETTERS AND ART.

THE COMING THING IN FICTION.

AN intelligent attempt to estimate the modern tendency of any art, and to forecast its future development, can scarcely lack interest, tho it may well lack finality. We are apt to be grateful to the man who offers us a generalization to which we can relate our confused artistic impressions. Such a generalization in the field of fiction, with the work of Mr. Maurice Hewlett as text, is advanced by Nathaniel Stephenson in *The World To-day* (Chicago) for August. According to Mr. Stephenson, the tendency of modern fiction is to desert the mere depiction and analysis of sentimentalism as exemplified in the novels of Thackeray and Meredith, and to concern itself instead with the struggle between sentimentalism and will, and the final triumph of the latter. The love-stories, as well as the war-stories and the business-stories of the new fiction, we are told, "are all of them the glorification of the man whose standards are within himself, whose actions are controlled by his will, who is not at the mercy of his sensibilities." This tendency is conspicuous, it is claimed, in the work of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, whom Mr. Stephenson regards as "the connecting link between two worlds, between Thackeray and the future." Lest he should seem to make extravagant claims for Mr. Hewlett, the critic adds:

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT.

His literary significance, suggests Mr. Nathaniel Stephenson, is due to the fact that he is "the connecting link between two worlds, between Thackeray and the future."

"I do not mean that he is the genius of the moment. I am at a loss to see how any one can hesitate to assign that eminence to Mr. Kipling. Mr. Barrie, likewise, has many talents which Mr. Hewlett lacks. But through neither of these flows the old stream of the strenuous thinking of the English novel. Mr. Hewlett, tho in a rather slender conduit, has opened a channel out of that stream, and conducts a part of it into a new tract of time."

Mr. Stephenson illustrates his meaning by reference to "The Forest Lovers," which "is a book to be accounted for." We read:

"The essential situation of that book is worth stating in general terms: A man loves a girl, but his love is egoistic and preconceived; she loves him with all her heart, but for his own sake she will not let him love her falsely; she repudiates that sort of love; thus a conflict arises in the man's mind between his preconception of love and love itself. The issue is whether he will put down the preconception, destroy the egoism, and win a moral victory over himself which shall lift him to the girl's level. This is a sort of situation that is not frequent in recent fiction. It sets Mr. Hewlett apart as a man who thinks through his narrative. We notice in it two things: First, he recognizes that the attraction of woman for man is a deeper and subtler thing than a mere straight pull on the sensibilities; second, that the test of a man is how, when his preconceptions meet with fact, he endures his ordeal."

Sentimentalism, claims Mr. Stephenson, was the characteristic vice of the nineteenth century. "It permeated all the life of that century and was the vicious streak through all its reasoning." He indicates the treatment accorded to sentimentalism by Thackeray and by Meredith, from which have developed Mr. Hewlett and the "new fiction." To quote in part:

"In Thackeray the presentation of sentimentalism took the form purely of a problem in expression. He was the artist first of all. What he sought was a perfect exposition. . . . George Meredith took up and carried forward the study of sentimentalism. But with him exposition gave place to analysis. A stronger intellect than Thackeray, he was inferior as an artist. The thinker, the controversialist, in his make-up outweighed the portrait painter. He could not be content to show the sentimentalists merely as they are. He must argue against them. He must force them to condemn themselves. He must reveal in their actions a *reductio ad absurdum*. 'Be a sentimentalist,' he is always saying, 'and this is what you will come to.'"

It is this "relentless thinking," asserts Mr. Stephenson, that is "reappearing in the world of the new novel" and this "is the most hopeful sign of our times." It emphasizes the fact that the "strenuous life" is not wholly physical. "To be strenuous, in the meaning of its most conspicuous exponent, is to keep your will independent of circumstance." What people will read to-day, says Mr. Stephenson, is the literature not of dissection, but of movement. Not the analysis of our minds in repose, but the display of character in action. He continues:

"Hence we have that wide range of conflict—man resisting, enduring, overcoming his difficulties—which fills the fiction of the moment. . . . Everywhere it is war. And one should also notice that what we crave is successful war. He who fights and wins—in some way or other—is the man we want to hear about.

"But no people of wide interests can keep from bringing their record of the emotional life into line with their record of the material life. In a moment when we are eager to see man triumphant over circumstance materially, we wish to see him win the same triumph emotionally. We demand heroes in fiction who show the same kind of independence, the same kind of devotion in love and war.

"And the degree of subtlety in our standards will be the same in one case as in the other. In what we ordinarily understand as 'action,' we demand to-day an independence—or the idea of an independence—that is grandly superior to circumstance; that has delivered itself from its sensibilities, whose strong mind is in stable equilibrium. Our idea of the man of action is one who cannot be 'worked,' who is impervious to external stimulus except when that stimulus is approved in his own mind. At our national military academy the candidate for admission must pass a series of 'temper tests.' In Mr. Kipling's picture of the barrack-room we see that the new recruit is put through a similar process. 'They ragged him low and cunnin'' to test his relation to external stimulus. Not until he can so rule his sensibilities that his conduct is the expression of his own will—not a mere reaction to external stimulus, but often a defiance of it in obedience to a standard in his own mind—will he be accepted as a soldier.

"Precisely the same idea is coming forward in the treatment by our novelists of that crucial matter which will always be the pillar of fiction, the love-affair. For 'Prosper le Gai,' life is a 'temper test,' woman is the angel of the Lord summoning him to his ordeal. For the novelist of the strenuous age, love is the expression of an interior standard not dependent on external stimulus. His hero must deal by woman, not in the spirit of give and take, of balanced bookkeeping, of paying for what he gets in its own coin, but in accord with his inner standard irrespective of how she acts toward him."

The conclusion of the whole matter, says Mr. Stephenson, is the contrast of motive of the sentimentalist and the man of genuinely strenuous nature. This he sums up as follows:

"When we look close at the sentimentalists, whether in Thackeray, or Meredith, or Mr. Hewlett, we find that invariably the key to them is the same. We must touch their sensibilities in order to get a motive for action. This is true of the sentimentalist in life. Sentimentalism is consistent with much apparent goodness, with generosity, with devotion, with sacrifice even. But always this goodness upon analysis turns out to have an insecure foundation. The sentimentalist is an epicure of feeling. He

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sides with the under dog, for example, because the spectacle touches his sensibilities, and if he resist their appeal he will be uncomfortable. This is a typical case of the motives of the sentimentalist. A situation in which no such appeal is made does not move him. One which outrages his sensibilities destroys entirely his capacity to think. He contrasts with the man of sympathy, the man who can escape from himself and find a motive for action without the appeal to his sensibilities or even in defiance of that appeal. He contrasts still more with the man of conviction—who may or may not be also a man of sympathy—who can find a motive in his own ideas of right and wrong, to whom appearances are nothing, who holds his own course in defiance of everything but conviction, who culminates in Job, and the words, 'Tho he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

"That note is the coming thing in fiction."

"SQUAW-TALK."

"WHY is it," asks Mary K. Ford, a writer in the New York *Bookman*, "that the American woman, lauded to the skies when written *of*, is addressed when written *to* as about on a par mentally with a child of twelve?" In the vocabulary of the American Indian, as this writer reminds us, "squaw-talk" is the term for any kind of foolish, irrelevant, or untrue talk—the kind of talk that "is good enough for women." "Squaw talk," according to Mary K. Ford, is a fitting description of the woman's page of the average newspaper, "where recipes for face lotions, advice as to the proper way of conducting the feminine side of a courtship, and answers to foolish questions on etiquette combine with the silliest of stories to make up a page that for sheer inanity and stupidity is hard to beat." But the same faults, she complains, tho in a less degree, are to be found in a more ambitious class of literature. As an instance:

"Not long ago Miss Elizabeth McCracken wrote very interestingly in *The Atlantic Monthly* on the place held by the drama in the lives of the humbler citizens. These articles were widely copied and quoted, and Miss McCracken was commissioned to travel through the United States to gather material for a book on the women of America and the widely varying positions in life which they fill. It was naturally expected that she would have much to say that was interesting and suggestive, but the book was intended for women, and the author succumbed at once to the fancied necessity of writing 'squaw-talk,' with the result that her work is marred by the two great blemishes which so often disfigure literature addressed to women.

"The first of these is a sentimentalism which pervades much of the book, and is no less marked for being somewhat difficult to particularize. . . . . .

"A more serious fault mars her chapter on woman's suffrage in Colorado. The result of the important experiment is of great interest to all intelligent women, and had Miss McCracken been writing for *The Atlantic Monthly* it is upon the political phase of the question that she would have enlarged, but she was writing for women, and a different tone was necessary. Consciously or unconsciously, she has written down to us, with the result that the whole chapter is devoted to the everlasting question of whether or no suffrage is destroying the 'womanly' qualities of the newly enfranchised."

If the written word to women be so much in the nature of "squaw-talk," what shall be said of the oral? asks the writer. She answers her own query by recalling Mrs. Wharton's story, "The Pelican," in which is satirized the kind of "talk" that is supposed to be popular with women to-day. We read:

"It will be remembered that in this story a young widow finds that the easiest way to earn her living is to give lectures. She begins with one upon Greek art, goes through a series of 'Homes and Haunts of the Poets,' and then, as years go on and her audiences become more sophisticated, has a course on modern theosophy, Schopenhauer, and the cosmogony. These lectures are of course attended only by women, and Mrs. Wharton characterizes both the lecturer and her audience in a few terse words: 'It was her art of transposing second-hand ideas into first-hand emotions that so endeared her to her feminine listeners.'"

Women occupy much the same position toward the drama as toward fiction, continues the writer; they are the great theater-goers of this country, and "no play displeasing to them has any chance of a lasting success." Nevertheless the much-abused theatrical manager "is never guilty of the folly of producing a play designed especially for women and advertised as such." She adds:

"Those who deny to us any appreciation of dramatic satire or humor need only count the women in the audience at one of Bernard Shaw's plays, plays in which sentiment is entirely subordinated to the wit and satire of the dialogue. That genuine humorist, Rosina Vokes, was a great favorite with women. Miss Beatrice Herford's clever monologues, leveled tho they be at our foibles and failings; Miss May Irwin's fine humor; the broader burlesques of Messrs. Joseph Weber and Lew Field—all these appeal as strongly to women as to men."

Mr. Hamerton, in "The Intellectual Life," written thirty years ago, recognizes and deplores the fact that men often condescend intellectually to women, and offers this excuse: "We may not teach, because it is pedantic, and we may not contradict because it is rude." He adds that "where women have most culture men are most open and sincere." Women are now better educated, have a wider grasp of affairs, and have entered business life with marked success, concludes Mary K. Ford, but the attitude of men toward them is ever the same, "and 'squaw-talk,' at least in literature, will probably be our portion for some time to come."

A PROTEST AGAINST THE LITERATURE OF EXPOSURE.

MR. GEORGE W. ALGER files a protest against the "literature of exposure" which has been so conspicuous a feature of late both in the magazines and in the book-publishing world. The New York *Globe* comments on the timeliness of this protest "in view of the recent great vogue of the Tarbells, the Steffenses, and the Lawsons." "Exposure," alleges Mr. Alger, "has become a peculiar art, which, like some other arts, seems to exist for its own sake." Mr. Alger regards it as a manifestation of our "almost superstitious reverence for publicity." And he remarks the analogy of its method to that of the old-time exhorters, who began by proclaiming human nature vile and unspeakably depraved. While theology has recognized that its methods and theories of destructive criticism were fundamentally wrong, says Mr. Alger, the literature of exposure is proceeding as tho that lesson had never been learned. Two points in the literature of exposure are especially worthy of note, we are told. The first is its extraordinary copiousness, and the second is that "so few of the writers who so cleverly point out to us our social sores seem to have any kind of salve in their hands." Mr. Alger, writing in *The Atlantic Monthly* (August), goes on to state more fully the case as it appears to him. We quote as follows:

"In the past decade there has grown up in this country a school of incomplete idealists, social reformers, who, in their methods and theories, seem to have gone back to the old-time theology. They seek to apply to society as a whole the methods which failed with the individual. From one branch of this cult has come the modern literature of 'exposure.' They show us our social sore spots, like the three cheerful friends of Job. They expose in countless pages of magazines and newspapers the sordid and depressing rottenness of our politics; the hopeless apathy of our good citizens; the remorseless corruption of our great financiers and business men, who are bribing our legislatures, swindling the public with fraudulent stock schemes, adulterating our food, speculating with trust funds, combining in great monopolies to oppress and destroy small competitors and raise prices, who are breaking laws and buying judges and juries. They show us the growth of business 'graft,' the gangrene of personal dishonesty among an

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honorable people, the depressing increase in the number of bribe-takers and bribe-givers. They tell us of the riotous extravagance of the rich, and the growth of poverty. These exposures form the typical current literature of our daily life. As our appetite grows jaded and surfeited, the stories become more sensational so as to retain our attention. Titus Oates and his plot live again in the amazing historian of modern finance. The achievement of the constructive elements of society has been neglected to give space to these spicy stories of graft and greed. . . . . .

"The literature of exposure is not criticism in any such sense, and in comparison is simple indeed. For it exposes, not the opportunities which create temptations, but the individuals who succumb. It seems to arraign, not the defects in the social system, but humanity itself, by the denunciation of a countless number of individuals who do real or fancied wrongs. It takes the whole burden of moral responsibility from the shoulders of society, and throws it all on the individual, instead of making a just apportionment of the load.

"There is comparatively little which is constructive about this kind of work, and it is for the most part merely disheartening. Its copiousness and its frequent exaggeration have a strong tendency to make sober and sane citizens believe that our political and business evils can not be grappled with successfully, not because they are in themselves too great, but because the moral fiber of the people has deteriorated—a heresy more dangerous, if adopted, than all the national perils which confront us to-day, combined."

An inherent defect with much of the literature of exposure, he continues, is that it exists merely for the shock it gives:

"It is as important to the community as it is to the individual that its capacity for being shocked with itself should remain unimpaired. Nothing worse can happen to it than to have its moral cuticle hardened by much drubbing, and made insensitive to criticism. The inherent defect with much of the literature of exposure is that it exists merely for the shock it gives, and is of no further profit to the community."

"THE FIRST REALIST IN ENGLISH POETRY."

"A CLERK of Oxenford," essaying an estimate of John Davidson, the brilliant Scotch poet and critic, selects the realism of this poet as the most interesting point about him, and goes so far as to characterize him as "the first realist that has appeared in English poetry." The Clerk's paper, which appears in *The Monthly Review* (London, July) is remarkable for other unhesitating and unqualified statements. For instance, "of his blank verse I will simply say that it is the best since that of Milton." "His imperfections," we are told, "surpass the perfections of other men." Of these imperfections we read:

"They are quite obvious, being chiefly due to a strained desire for simplicity, and to perpetual over-emphasis of his point. Sometimes he will spoil a ballad with lines too colloquial for the hurrying meter; sometimes he will just mar a fine speech in blank verse by getting it involved, and hard to follow, or by the unnecessary introduction of some abrupt phrase from common parlance. This is naturally more apparent in his earlier works."

This enthusiastic Clerk proceeds to formulate for us the "message" of his realistic poet. To quote:

"He says not only 'Break conventions that stand in your way,' but 'live as if convention, as if Christianity, as if thirty centuries of literature had never existed.' He puts a new and far more difficult interpretation on the 'Know thyself' of old. . . . . .

"Intimately connected with Mr. Davidson's philosophy of life is his passion for the country. He loves nature for her simplicity and beauty, and writes about it as if it were a new and particular revelation, as if it had never become a hackneyed theme, as if spring poets had never been bywords. . . . . .

"I doubt if the most ardent admirer would stand by this reformer in his utter condemnation of Christianity, convention, and culture, and take refuge in a materialism that says the body and soul are one. But more might be inclined to agree with the fascinating theory held unconsciously by the Greeks, and held very consciously by this least Greek of poets—the theory of man's natural sinlessness."

We read further:

"There is a hard lesson for us in the writings of Mr. Davidson. We are convinced by him that if we want to found our idealism on some basis less flimsy than that of sentiment, we must strip off the ideals that now obsess us. If we desire to arrive at a true appreciation of life or literature, we must criticize as if no one had anticipated us in the work. To compensate for nineteen hundred years of error, we must cultivate the neglected virtue of strength. Only thus can we be ourselves, and fully realize our latent power.

"After all, the thesis of materialism that we find set before us here is not so repellent as it seems. After years of what is little better than Manicheeism we are at last told that matter is not impure but lovely; that man should be 'one with the mountains'; that the landscapes of the world are beautiful, not because of a soul residing in them nor because their creator had esthetic ideals, but because they are what they are—lovely in themselves."

PROGRAM VERSUS ABSOLUTE MUSIC.

READERS of this department are familiar with the old difference of opinion between those painters who do not hesitate to yoke their art with a literary theme or motive, and the artistic purists, like Whistler, who demand that a painting be a thing complete and final in itself, independently of story or allusion. The art of music, it appears, can boast a somewhat analogous controversy. The case for "poetic," or what is more commonly called "program" music, is interestingly defended by Mr. Ernest Newman in his recent volume of "Musical Studies." Program music, we read, is "purely instrumental (*i.e.*, non-vocal) music that has its *raison d'être* in a definite literary or pictorial scheme." It has been called "the new music." Mr. Newman contends that it is not, as some critics maintain, to be regarded as the outcome of a decadent age. It has received development later than "absolute music," because until the last century it "simply could not be written." The technique of the orchestra had first to be developed. Now we have its highest manifestation in the "symphonic poem, invented by Liszt, developed by Tschaikovsky, and perfected by Strauss." This, contends Mr. Newman, is the perfect art-form for which we have been waiting, and which Wagner thought he had discovered in "music-drama." The writer shows that whereas most of the older orchestral music of any value was absolute music, most of the later orchestral music of any value is program music. "The momentum of the latter species," he declares, "seems to be increasing every year." To its disparagers he says:

"It will not do to pooh-pooh a phenomenon of this kind, nor seek to fasten upon it the explanation that some of the new men write music depending upon literary or pictorial subjects because they can not write music of the other kind. This is like saying that Shakespeare pusillanimously wrote dramas because he could not write epics—which is probably a true saying but quite irrelevant. The point is, why should Shakespeare, with a gift for good drama, force himself to write bad epics? And if a man's musical ideas spring from quite another way of apprehending life than that of the absolute musician, why should he abjure his own native form of speech in order to mouth and maul unintelligently the phrases and the forms of another musician whose mental world is wholly foreign to his?"

The difference between the two kinds of music is fully brought out, says Mr. Newman, when one analyzes the phrases of an ordinary symphony and those of a modern song. The former never express actuality, and the effect derived may be termed physiological rather than psychological. To quote:

"In the old symphony or sonata a succession of notes, pleasing in itself but not having specific reference to actual life—not attempting, that is, to get at very close quarters with strong emotional or dramatic expression, but influencing and affecting us mainly by reason of its purely formal relations and by the purely

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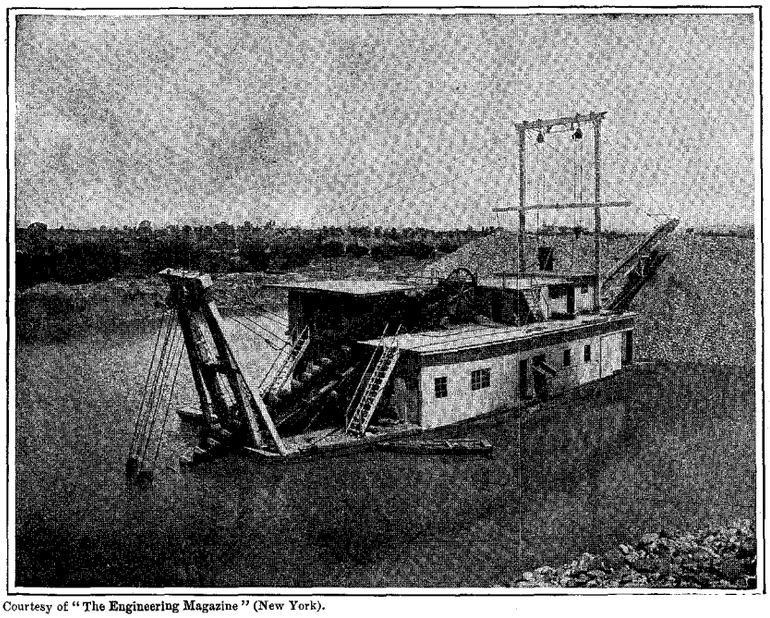
with but slight rainfall, which, however, through the selection of proper crops, and—equally important—through proper cultivation, will sustain prosperous farm communities, without irrigation. The difference between failure and success, where the rainfall is perhaps but twelve inches a year, is likely to be the difference between plowing the soil, on the one hand, three inches deep and giving it a couple of cultivations a season, and, on the other hand, plowing it eight inches deep, with six or eight cultivations, thus retaining all the moisture for the use of the crop and reducing the evaporation to a minimum. Under what is known as the 'Campbell' oil-culture system, which has been practically tested on a considerable scale in South Dakota, Western Nebraska, Western Kansas, and Colorado, land which has lain 'desert' for generations is now being profitably cropped to grain, alfalfa, and orchards. Professor Campbell himself has demonstrated that by this method 'dry farming' can be carried to the 'foot of the Rockies'; while the semi-arid farm lands ranging 200 miles to the eastward, can be made to produce double their present crops.



Courtesy of "The Engineering Magazine" (New York).

A GOLD DREDGE AT WORK.

"Viewed broadly, if but a fraction of the remarkable work which the Department of Agriculture and various agricultural scientists throughout the country are carrying on, bears the fruit which the men working upon it predict, the world will witness during the present generation a utilization of our once *terra incognita*—the Great American Desert—which will be a continuing source of amazement."

The Electrical Submarine.—One of the two accidents to British submarines has been shown to be due directly to the gaseous fuel employed, and much concern is manifested abroad regarding the danger of the gas-motor on these vessels, some authorities predicting that electricity must ultimately become the submarine motive-power. Says an editorial writer in *The Western Electrician* (Chicago, July 15):

"The superiority of the hydrocarbon or petrol submarine at present lies solely in its greater radius of independent action. With the electrically propelled boat this radius of action is, of course, dependent upon the storage battery. The primary office of the submarine is, however, purely that of an accessory to the battle-ship or the shore fortification, from which its operations are mainly conducted. The storage battery, then, is not such a drawback as might be supposed, since the operations of a submarine extend at most but a few miles from the parent vessel.

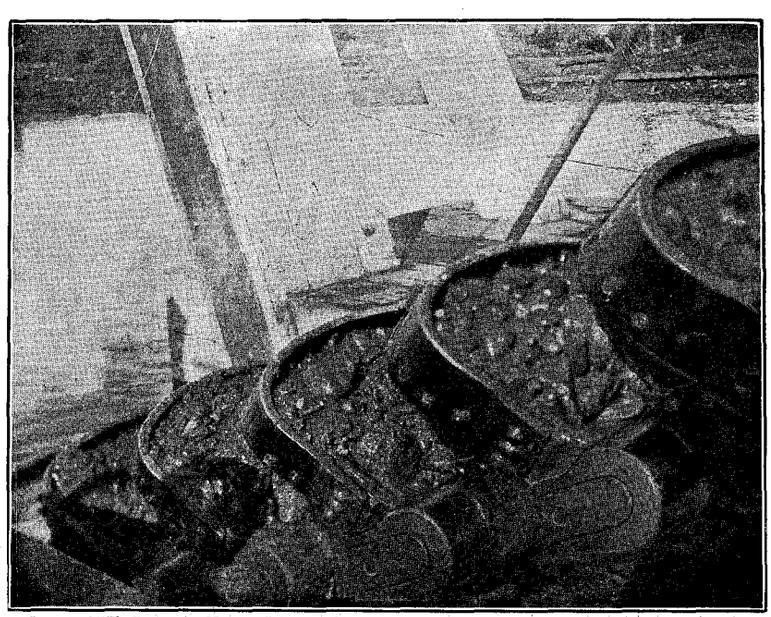
"At an English shipbuilding yard there was recently launched a new electrically propelled submarine which is of unusual interest. It carries two torpedo-tubes and will be manned by a crew of three. It is only 34 feet long by six feet nine inches in diameter. Its small size makes it possible to lift it out of the water onto the deck of a battle-ship. Electricity is the sole motive power, and with a full charge of the batteries the boat has a radius of action of 40 miles.

"That electricity on board a submarine may be a source of danger has been feared, and it was believed that the disaster to the A8 was in some way due to this cause. That it was not, however, was made plain by evidence given by Captain Bacon at the inquest on the victims of the accident. He said that tho there was an explosion on board which was attributable to the electrical equipment, it was evident that this explosion occurred after the boat had gone down for good, and that the electrical parts were in no way responsible for the accident."

THE "GOLD SHIP" AND ITS WORK.

THE present yield of gold is double what it was ten years ago, amounting to a million dollars a day; but within the next ten years it bids fair to double again—so we are told by no less an authority than Alexander Del Mar, writing in *The Engineering Magazine* (New York, July). The increase in the past, he says, has been due to the abandonment of silver-mining for gold-mining, and the invention of the cyanide process. That in the future will be caused by the use of the gold dredge, which he calls "a weird invention, a wonderful thing, a 'Gold Ship' that moves over the land and . . . extracts every particle of gold out of the long-neglected placers." This "phantom ship" is now beginning to clean up the abandoned placers of California and will soon be doing the same for Siberia, Brazil, and Peru. Says Mr. Del Mar:

"All these placers or auriferons can be profitably worked over by the gold dredge and more gold taken from them than they have already yielded. The reason of this is that hand labor never touches the poorer portions of a placer, and that from the richer portions it rarely succeeds in winning more than from a half to two-thirds of the gold; whereas the dredge gets it all. . . . Placer



Courtesy of "The Engineering Magazine" (New York).

A CHAIN OF LOADED BUCKETS EMERGING FROM THE WATER.

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mining came to a stop in Egypt and Spain when their product fell to the level of hand labor; it stopped in Brazil partly for the same reason, and partly because the gravel being small and fine, the placer fields are nearly flat, and the mines are 'out of grade.' It stopped in California because the tailings choked up the rivers and the law courts interdicted the hydraulic process. In Australia it had almost passed the level of hand labor when the gold dredge was invented. In Alaska, tho stopped in winter time for lack of running water, it is still going on during the summer time, when the streams are released from frost. In none of these countries was placer mining arrested because there was no more gold in the gravel, but for the other reasons stated, all of which are now remedied by the gold dredge. This invention supersedes hand labor by machinery; it requires no 'grade' or declivity down which to sluice its gravel; it will choke no river; it needs only enough water to float itself in and to wash the gold with; and all of this water it can, and does, use over and over again. It is as much at home in the arid but auriferous deserts of Arizona, as in the golden marshes of the Feather River."

What is this "gold ship"? It is simply a dredge that floats in a pond of its own making—a pond which accompanies it wherever it chooses to go, and which enables it to move over the land in any direction. It scoops up the gravel, subjects it on its decks to the action of any desired process, mechanical or chemical—and then, having exhausted it of its gold, casts the gravel behind, and keeps on advancing, until the field before it is sifted and treated from surface to bed-rock. To quote further:

"As the ground can be thoroughly tubed and sampled beforehand, this process lifts gold mining from the category of speculative enterprises to that of a manufacturing business. The gold dredge is a gold manufactory, with an insatiable demand and assured market for its product, at the rate of $20.17 per Troy ounce fine, paid down by the mints in gold coin. No risk, no idle stock on hand, no bad debts, no commissions, brokerages, or discounts, nor no monopoly of trade, now or ever possible. An instant sale for the entire produce at a fixed price, paid in cash. Such are the incomparable conditions of the gold-manufacturing business. It goes without saying that, unless the cost of taking part in it is beyond the ordinary means of business men, such an industry will not fail to invite a vast number of participants. This contingency can be settled at once. The dredges cost from $35,000 to $50,000 each, according to size; a sum quite within the means of the average business man, commercial partnership, or small corporation. . . . . .

"Like most other inventions, the gold ship is a development. A gold dredge was used on the Magdalena River twenty years ago; the device was further developed several years later in New Zealand; it was brought almost to perfection in California; at the present time, a dozen machine-shops, scattered all over the United States, are rivaling one another in turning out a more and more perfect dredge. The home demand for these machines is so urgent that but few have as yet been shipped abroad; yet several of them have already gone to South America and several more to Europe. The present rate of out-turn is about one machine per week; in the course of a few years it will be one per diem; in ten years it will probably be ten machines per diem. When this takes place, and perhaps before it, the world's production of gold, even should the quartz mines yield no more than at present, will be two million dollars a day."

Feeling the Pulse of a Rain-Storm.—The old-fashioned pluviometer, or rain-measurer, gives simply the total rainfall during use, without indicating variations during that time. More recent instruments register these variations, and one invented by a German meteorologist named Gellenkamp, and first used in India in 1894, gives interesting results along this line, showing in detail all the changes of intensity of a shower. This device is described in the *Meteorologische Zeitschrift*, of whose article *Ciel et Terre* (Paris) gives the following abstract:

"The diagrams obtained show clearly that a short shower, which would seem relatively uniform from the readings of the common pluviographs, really passes through a rapid series of successive maxima and minima of intensity that simple observation fails to detect. As Gellenkamp remarks, these oscillations make us suspect, at least in the case of rains of some extent, that there are present waves of air charged with water and following each other at short but regular intervals. . . . As for the more local showers, their variations may be explained as follows: The heat set free by the condensation of the first rain-drops evaporates part of the following drops. The result is a diminution of intensity followed by a maximum. In fact, the vapor formed reaches higher and cooler points, condenses, and the water so formed is of lower temperature than the preceding. It falls to the earlier level, causes a more considerable condensation there because of its low temperature, and the result is a maximum intensity of rain. The heat set free by this condensation causes a new partial evaporation and a diminution of intensity. These phenomena succeed rapidly, so that the intensity of a shower undergoes very numerous oscillations.

"It is well known that other meteorological elements, such as the velocity of the wind, the temperature, and the barometric pressure, which at first sight appear uniform, show, on examination with sensitive apparatus, considerable and rapid variations."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

IMITATION FEVERS.

IF it be true that "right" and "wrong" are terms that have no place in art, and that in estimating an artist's skill we should leave out of account the ethical nature of the result at which that skill aims, then surely the man who is expert at "faking" diseases is to be highly commended. The physicians in our hospitals come across him frequently and find him skilled in imitating artificially nearly every symptom described in the text-books on pathology. Some interesting instances were considered in this department in our issue for February 4 (page 165). One would think that high bodily temperature, so generally relied on as an indication of fever, was something that these gentlemen could not get at, but we are assured by a writer in *The Lancet* (London, June 24) that "the faking of high temperatures" is often accomplished with success. He says:

"The great trust . . . which is placed in the indications of the clinical thermometer is not always justified, for patients have found that it is by no means difficult in one way or another to induce a thermometer to indicate a far higher temperature than that of the body. The motives for these deceits are various. Sometimes it is to obtain treatment as an in-patient of a hospital; sometimes it is merely to excite notice or sympathy, while in other cases the sole motive is to contribute to the amusement of the patient himself. The excitement caused in a ward by the occurrence of a temperature of 106° F., or even higher, is not likely to be forgotten by any patient present at the time, and many patients will wish to emulate this achievement. The means by which a thermometer is induced to indicate a pyrexial temperature are numerous. The simplest is the utilization of hot food. A cup of tea will send the mercury upward in a rapid and surprising manner, and even hot potatoes or pudding will be equally efficacious. A poultice, too, or a fomentation will serve the purpose, and a hot water-bottle has also been requisitioned. This is the easiest method and will suggest itself to the veriest tyro. The next mode that may be mentioned utilizes the effects of friction. If a clinical thermometer be grasped firmly near its lower end and the bulb rubbed smartly on any texture—flannel is the most suitable material—the mercury will soon rise and, indeed, the bulb may become too hot to be pleasant. This method puts a good deal of strain on the constriction just above the bulb, and the thermometer is likely to give way there. In some instruments the mercury can be thrown up the scale by an energetic jerk, but this should never deceive an observant physician, for there will be a very obvious break between the constriction and the lower part of the mercurial column."

In thermometers with thin bulbs, careful pressure on the bulb may force the mercury a little higher in the tube. This works best when the thermometer is in the mouth, as the teeth can be used for the purpose, but skilled artists may attain the desired result even

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when the instrument is placed under the arm. Fleshy patients are not able to accomplish this however. The writer concludes:

"These are the methods by which pyrexial temperatures can be 'faked,' and it is necessary for the physician to be on his guard against them. We do not venture to say that all the cases of very high temperatures, such as 115°, 120°, 125°, and even higher, that have been recorded are fraudulent, but we have no hesitation in declaring that in the vast majority of cases there has been fraud. It is often exceedingly difficult to detect, but it is always possible, if sufficient care be taken, to demonstrate that the thermometric readings are untrustworthy."

THE SUN AND THE WEATHER.

IT is now many years since students of solar physics began trying to trace some connection between the changes going on upon the sun's surface and terrestrial weather. In spite of the confidence of some investigators that they have succeeded, it can not be said that scientific men in general have ever been of this opinion. Prof. Ernest W. Brown, of Haverford College, who writes on the subject in *The Popular Science Monthly*, concludes that, so far as the evidence goes at present, there is no such relationship; in other words, the sun-spots and other solar disturbances have nothing whatever to do with the weather, or, at all events, so little that their effect is unnoticeable and negligible. "It is highly probable," he writes, "that the direct effect of the spotted area is unimportant compared with the effects produced in our atmosphere by other causes." In summing up he remarks that his opinion is expressed by Prof. Cleveland Abbe, who has said:

"The key to the weather problem is not to be found in the sun or indeed in any external influence, but the solution is to be worked out by the conditions which hold in the atmosphere itself—conditions which can only be discovered by a thorough examination of the internal laws of motion, quite apart from any external forces which may modify the results."

But in the course of his article, Professor Brown makes one remark that in the opinion of W. J. G. Lockyer, who reviews his article in *Nature* (London, June 8), is the key to the situation. It has been assumed by most investigators that whatever effect the sun has, it must produce over the earth as a whole. Hence when we find one observer asserting that sun-spots favor high temperature or increased rainfall, and another saying that they do exactly the opposite, we are apt to dismiss the subject with a smile. But, says Professor Brown:

[Observations made] "at one place should be kept separate from those at other places, for it is theoretically possible and even probable that a maximum at one place of observation may occur at the same time as a minimum at another place. For example, the yearly averages might show that a maximum rainfall in one place always occurred with a minimum rainfall in another, and *vice versa*."

Commenting with approval on this statement, which he says has been amply proved in many instances for barometric pressure and must hence hold good for rainfall also which depends on that pressure, Mr. Lockyer goes on to say:

"Up to the present time those who have been attempting to explain variations of weather on the supposition of solar changes have been looking for the effect of solar action as either increasing or decreasing simultaneously the rainfall over the whole earth. The consequence has been that a study of a great number of statistics has shown that in some regions the rainfall varies directly with the number of sun-spots, and that in others the variation is inverse, while, again, in other parts there seems to be no apparent relation at all. In fact, these deductions, tho quite correct, have led to the conclusion that the solar connection is of a very questionable character, as it was considered impossible for such opposite results as the first two just named to have their origin in one solar change.

"It is the employment of this incorrect working hypothesis that has probably retarded the progress of the study of the connection between solar and meteorological changes.

"The now recognized existence of this barometric seesaw shows that the sun's action must have a *double* effect on our atmosphere, and this of an opposite nature. Such a result is quite natural, and it is curious that use has not been made of it before.

"When it be considered that the amount of air in our atmosphere is a constant quantity, a greater piling up of it on one side of the earth must necessarily mean a diminution in the antipodal regions. If greater heating power of the sun takes place, then the atmosphere must also be heated to a greater extent, and consequently more intense up-currents of warm air are formed, resulting in more pronounced low-pressure areas. There must, however, be a compensating effect somewhere, and this is found on the opposite side of the earth when the previously heated air arrives, descends, and creates an area of excess pressure.

"This backward and forward transference of air becomes, therefore, of great importance in studying the weather changes in any one region, because the rainfall phenomena are so closely related to the pressure changes.

"Away from the middle portions of those two large areas which behave in this seesaw manner, the variations of pressure should, and actually do, have a different periodic nature. It is of extreme importance, therefore, when trying to trace the sun's action on our atmosphere, to separate the regions over which the variations may be truly solar from those which exhibit variations modified by the mechanism of the atmosphere itself.

"There is therefore no reason why we should take a pessimistic view of the attempts made to solve this fascinating riddle of the relationship between changes of solar activity and the vagaries of the weather. An enormous amount of accumulated material is ready for discussion, and efforts should be made to secure the continuity of these observations and at the same time to coordinate the data along lines most suitable for this particular research."

SCIENCE BREVITIES.

"PUMPING gravel like water through a large iron pipe may seem a strange and unique proceeding," says *Popular Mechanics*, "but this is what is actually being done in certain districts in Indiana. Great difficulty has always been experienced in obtaining gravel from river-beds for use in road building, but the new method promises to put an end to this. A six-inch pump is used, driven by a fifteen horse-power engine, and three men are necessary for its operation. A plant of this kind has a capacity of lifting over 100 yards of gravel a day."

"THE use of plenty of milk with tea," says *The Lancet* (London), "is a wise precaution and must be regarded as a sound physiological proceeding, since the proteids of milk destroy astringency and probably prevent the otherwise injurious action of tannin on the mucous membrane of the stomach. In the intestinal juice the proteids are separated and the tannin probably combines with the sodium salts. The immoderate drinking of tea is an unquestionable evil, but, on the whole, we are inclined to think that the evils of tea-drinking have been exaggerated. The real difficulty is to convince people that a lightly drawn infusion gives them their money's worth."

SOME time ago we quoted an account of an American bottle-cleaning machine from a French paper. The makers of this machine now write us that they have on the market one that is even more efficient. We quote from a description in *Loew's Monthly* (Cleveland, O.): "One attendant feeds the machine; the filler receives the bottles at the delivery end. It may properly be said, therefore, that the entire cleaning operation requires the attendance of only one person. This new machine has a capacity of 30,000 bottles per day, which capacity readily forms a basis for figuring an annual saving of from $2,000 to $3,000 in wages alone, by elimination of several employees commonly required between the soaker and the filler; it also saves in power and breakage, and does away entirely with washing machines. These items of saving will be recognized as aggregating a considerable sum per annum in every bottling house. Even the more expensive older methods do not perform the work so well as does this new automatic machine."

BRAINS AND TEETH—Alluding to a recent article by Sir Oliver Lodge, in which the writer gives it as his opinion that "the more brains one has, the less teeth one has—unless they are artificially provided," a writer in the *Westminster Gazette* is stimulated to break out into verse as follows:

"Belinda dear, once on a time,
My best beloved of pretty girls,
It was my wont to turn a rhyme
And say your mouth was full of pearls.

"In blissful ignorance of yore
I thought my compliment but truthful;
But knowledge grows from more to more—
Only the brainless now are toothful.

"So take a cab, Belinda dear,
Hie where the dentistry is painless,
Have out the pearls which now, I fear,
Are merely teeth to prove you brainless."

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THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

THE basic religious ideas of a great novelist acquire interest and significance from two facts. In the first place, they will probably reflect to some extent a religious tendency or tendencies of his age; in the second, they are likely to have an appreciable influence upon the religious outlook of his readers. Hence in writing of "Mr. Meredith on Religion" in *The Hibbert Journal* (London) for July, the Rev. James Moffatt, D.D., begins by searching for those tendencies of the age which have profoundly influenced Mr. Meredith's intellectual standpoint. He finds these conveniently summarized in a footnote to Huxley's Romanes lecture, and in a passage of Dr. Maudsley's "Natural Causes and Supernatural Seeming." In the first Huxley states that "strictly speaking, social life and the ethical process, in virtue of which it advances toward perfection, are part and parcel of the general process of evolution," "the general cosmic process" of natural self-assertion being from the outset "checked by a rudimentary ethical process" of renunciation and mutual service "which is, strictly speaking, part of the former, just as the 'governor' in a steam-engine is part of the mechanism of the engine." In the other passage Dr. Maudsley avers that "not by standing out of nature in the ecstasy of a rapt and overstrained idealism of any sort, but by large and close and faithful converse with nature and human nature, in all their moods, aspects, and relations, is the solid basis of fruitful ideals and the soundest mental development laid." Nearly all that Mr. Meredith has written upon the topics cognate to religion, says Mr. Moffatt, "might be described, without serious inaccuracy, as an anthology of bright, bracing variations upon the ideas underlying these two passages." And again: "A cosmic enthusiasm is his keynote." Reading further, we learn that Meredith's conception of nature "dominates the entire field of his judgments upon ethics and religion"; that "his pen is a lance couched gallantly against the black knights of materialism"; that his religion recognizes as a primary law of nature the law of mutual sacrifice and service; that he urges upon men the habit of prayer; and that while he "fails to explain very lucidly the exact function of the soul after death, . . . he asserts the persistence of the spirit in relation to the cosmic plan." Of Meredith's conception of nature Mr. Moffatt writes:

"It denotes far more than mere scenery, or even the sum of phenomena. For its definition as the living force of the world, the creative and controlling principle of the universe, demanding not severe meditation or admiration so much as obedience and understanding, we must hark back to Aristotle, or better still, to Lucretius. . . . A similar cosmic emotion thrills both writers, an emotion which exalts nature almost to theistic functions. Consent to her spirit is the first and last commandment. At the same time, one must bear in mind that Meredith, like Spinoza and Goethe, would refuse to view nature as an essentially incalculable and merciless power; she is kin and kind to man, for all her sternness, worthy to be trusted down to death; and she repays such trust and knowledge with a disclosure of man's portion in herself, and of her own living purpose in and for humanity. The conception of nature, in fact, determines the method of her study. Read by man's brain, instead of emotionally, she is seen at her best and at our side.

> 'I say but that this love of earth reveals
> A soul beside our own to quicken, quell,
> Irradiate, and through ruinous floods uplift.'"

Hence:

"From all sides of his work the echo comes: *first that which is natural, then that which is spiritual.* A coarse and violent asceticism defeats its own object, and only results in a sallow pietism. He is quite clear that any transcendental aim is false, any so-called spiritual reach is insecure, if it implies the neglect or depreciation of human nature, since to check the juices poured into our blood by nature is ultimately to bring drought upon the soul. 'We do not get to any heaven by renouncing the mother we spring from; and when there is an eternal secret for us, it is best to believe that earth knows, to keep near her, even in our utmost aspirations.' The natural and physical form the basis of the human mind; only the basis, but still the basis. So that man must bow to learn

> 'How the wits and passions wed,
> To build that temple of the credible God.'"

From his belief in the law of mutual sacrifice and service follows Merdith's "passionate recoil from anything like luxurious individualism." We read:

"To live with others is to live for them. Indifference to the claims of men is the supreme impiety, because it strikes at the very heart of nature, which has fashioned man, as Aurelius was never tired of writing, for the discharge of love's debt to his fellows. Nature's crown and flower is man, but man conscious that personality means kinship and service.

> 'This breath, her gift, has only choice
> Of service, breathe we in or out.'

"Thus Christ is 'the man-loving Nazarene'; social ends and sympathies are the excellent conditions of existence; and the supreme end of nature is to promote in the race and in the individual, self-sacrifice, brotherliness, and unselfishness."

Of Meredith's advocacy of prayer Mr. Moffatt writes:

"His eagerness in this counsel is quite notable. Let us add, it is not unreasonable from his point of view. Prayer, to him, is the genuine expression of a man's belief in the living spirit of the universe. It is the logical outcome of his ethical idealism, this overflow of the soul, this lift of heart and conscience, this supreme resignation of the heart. Meredith's language is neither clear nor full upon what most religious people would agree to term the personality of God. But this does not deter him from recognizing and enforcing prayer as communion with the divine Spirit in us and over us, as the surge of human thought and feeling which throws itself out upon some higher purpose in the universe, and as the exercise of an intense aspiration for the good that lies beyond the senses, and yet within the limits of our power. 'Prayer is power within us to communicate with the desired beyond our thirsts.' Or, in Mrs. Berry's words of homely counsel to Sir Austin Feverel, 'I think it's al'ays the plan in a dielemmer to pray God and walk forward.' With Meredith, this habit of simple prayer is one condition of right movement and sane conduct. For prayer as the expression of selfishness or panic he has naturally no place at all. 'There is nothing so indicative of fevered or of bad blood as the tendency to counsel the Almighty how He shall deal with His creatures.'"

Mr. Moffatt writes in conclusion of the novelist's attitude toward death and a future life. We read, in part:

"As for the death of the body, it is like the fall of the leaf in autumn, part of nature's preparation for a spring to come. Like the activities of life, it becomes intelligible and endurable in the light of its bearing upon the collective welfare of the species. Is it, then, a worthy thing to stain it with grief and terror?

"This is the rhythm of Meredith's prose and verse, sung in high spirits for the high end of delivering man from fears which are the mists drawn up by the low anxiety and thirst of his 'craving self.' Unlike the poets, from Homer to Rossetti, he will admit no touch of grief, no pang of sentimental melancholy at human transience. . . .

"There is nothing morbid or meretricious in his treatment of the future. He has no sympathy with that terror and weirdness of death which Maeterlinck has bent his genius to call up before the modern mind. An agnostic optimism pervades every sentence he has written on this topic. 'Wistful' is not in his vocabulary. If he does not hail 'lovely and soothing death' with Whitman's exultation, he accepts it manfully as working in somehow to the moral progress of the race, whatever be its bearing on the individual. . . . But the passionate assertion of man's future as part of the cosmic progress is never supplemented by any positive or hearty word upon the deathlessness of personality. So eager is he to thwart and erase the lurking selfishness of man, a selfishness which can worm its way into the holiest phases of his being, into love and grief, that he is apt to take too stunted a view of self; with the result that he fails now and then to do any sort of justice

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to that longing for personal immortality which is as far above any thirsty expectation of reward or fame as it lies remote from any nervous revolt of the senses. It is a longing which tenaciously refuses to admit that human personality, which, on Meredith's own showing, forms so vital and supreme an expression of nature's being, so perfect an organ of her spirit, can be treated as mere material to be eventually used up for greater issues—issues that involve a disintegration of personality and a decline from the level of its consciousness. The general heart will be up in protest. . . . For beyond the bar which he summons the soul thus cheerily to cross, it is doubtful if any pilot is to be met face to face, and more than doubtful if any haven lies for what men learn upon these shores of time and space to prize above all price."

A BARRIER TO UNION EXAMINED.

IT is commonly supposed that the question of orders is one of the most difficult ones now obstructing the way of the reunion of Christendom, writes Prof. Charles A. Briggs, D.D., D.Litt., of Union Theological Seminary, New York. But Professor Briggs states this view only to dissent from it. The difficulty of passing from one denomination to another, he points out, is not confined to the question of ordination. "Even those bodies which recognize the ordination of other bodies still make such demands in the matter of dogma, or rules of life, that, in fact, changes from the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Presbyterian, for example, are more difficult and less frequent, so far as my observation goes than from the Methodist Episcopal to the Protestant Episcopal." To Professor Briggs it appears evident that "a frank and searching investigation of the whole question of ordination, especially on its practical side, in an irenic and loving spirit, will remove the greater portion of the difficulties that now beset it." But he admits that, while "ministers are constantly passing over from the various non-Episcopal bodies and accepting ordination in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and others are passing over into the Roman Catholic Church and receiving orders from Rome," it is possible, nevertheless, that "some are deterred from making these changes by the requirement of ordination into another ministry." He holds, however, that if that were the only barrier remaining to "a reunion of all English-speaking Protestant Christians in the Anglican Church, that barrier would fade into nothingness"; and further, that if that were the only barrier to a reunion with Rome, "that barrier would not deter any considerable number from accepting Roman ordination." But Professor Briggs acknowledges that the necessity of reordination is regarded as humiliating, and is therefore an obstacle to reunion, tho a less serious one than it is generally supposed to be. He reviews the whole problem (in the New York *Independent*, July 27) and offers suggestions for the overcoming or diminishing of the difficulty. We quote in part as follows:

"The decision of Pope Leo XIII. as to the validity of Anglican orders has lifted the whole question of orders into a better position for further investigation. The essence of the question was whether the Anglican Reformers in their ordinal had the intention of ordaining a real priesthood to offer real sacrifices. The decision that such was not their intention seems to me one that all should recognize as final. But the question still remains open whether such an intention is essential to valid Christian ministry; and so the question becomes one of doctrine—namely, what are the essential qualifications of the Christian ministry? . . . If Anglican orders can be defended only on the ground of the intention of the Anglican Reformers to ordain and perpetuate a Christian ministry, such as Jesus Christ and his apostles intended, the orders of the Lutheran and reformed churches may be defended on exactly the same grounds, from the same intention. If they omitted important items in the ordination of their ministry they did not omit this same intention. The substance of the intention of the Anglicans and the Protestants of the Continent was the same. The only important difference was that the Anglicans retained the *episcopal* succession; the Protestants of the continent retained only succession through the *presbyters*. This difference was due more to the providence of God than to the deliberate choice of the reformers. Under these circumstances the Anglicans, if they really desire the reunion of Christ's church, ought to follow the Anglican reformers and many of the great Anglican divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and recognize the orders of other Protestants as essentially valid. If the Anglicans may enrich their doctrine of the holy ministry and also their intention in the ceremony, so may the other Protestants also. There is no serious barrier in the way except the common traditional opinion among Anglicans. The Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country have never, by any official decision, pronounced Lutheran or Presbyterian orders invalid. If Pope Leo XIII. has shut the door to Rome in their face, they have not as yet shut the door to the sister churches of the Reformation. . . . . .

"At all events, in the present situation of affairs some things might be done that would lessen the difficulties in the way of reunion. The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church might frame a form of ordination which would recognize what other religious bodies actually intend in their ordination of their ministry, and supplement it by imparting what they did not intend. Why should they deny the validity of the ordination of other religious bodies so far as it goes, even if episcopal ordination should be insisted upon in addition. Even if the ministry be defective, that does not imply that it is no ministry at all. Let each body credit the other bodies with that sort of a ministry that they have. They are entitled to just this and no more. Let them, on their side, not object to the use of other functions of the ministry in other bodies, and not regard it as a hardship that they are regarded as not having those functions which they do not in fact profess to have.

"There are, in fact, in the Church of England, and in the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country bishops and clergy whose views of the Christian ministry do not differ in any appreciable degree from those held in the various Protestant churches. There are other bishops and clergy who do not vary in any important particular from the Roman Catholic view. If these can live in harmony in the same church, why should they make it so hard for those with whom they agree, or at least whom they tolerate, to unite with them?"

Is Religion a Dangerous Topic?—The following sentence, which *The Westminster* (Presbyterian, Philadelphia) translates into the vernacular in the form of "No religion in ours," appeared in the editorial columns of *Collier's Weekly* a short time ago, and has attracted some attention in the religious press: "Religion is avoided in *Collier's* as a topic of discussion for the reason that our thoughts, whatever they might be, would be offensive to many, and of no considerable value to the universe." *Men and Women* (Roman Catholic, Cincinnati) "can not concur" in the reason the editor of *Collier's* gives for his avoidance of religion as a topic of discussion, and remarks further:

"Is it not a fact that there is an undercurrent of religion in the public life of a community as well as in the private lives of the individuals composing it? Is not religion the basic principle of those virtues which, for want of a better name, we call civic? Honor and honesty, truth and justice, not from the ground arise. . . . Then, too—why should the discussion of religion, which is the root of everything that is good, and beautiful, and ennobling, be offensive to any right-minded man? It is not difficult to understand that it would be exceedingly risky at times to utter sentiments and express opinions which would seem to lean to one or the other denomination—but if we have correctly estimated the mission of the press, the consideration of pleasing or of giving offense should play no part when it is a question of doing what is right, and fair, and just. It pays at times to be diplomatic and cautious; and it is sometimes the part of wisdom to maintain the stoic's silence. But to boast of entirely ignoring so important a topic as religion is neither valiant nor logical. Religion is as interesting and as important in the life of a nation as is politics, and the lines of division are as sharply drawn. But surely it would at least savor of cowardice to eschew putting forth an opinion on a political question because, mayhap, it will offend those who are on the other side of the fence. The thousands of church spires that rise skyward are certainly of as much importance as are the

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factory chimneys belching forth huge clouds of smoke. May we not talk as earnestly, then, about religion as about the industrial condition of the land?"

THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN ROMAN CATHOLICISM AS A SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

CHRISTIANITY as exhibited by the church of every age has been a mixed and not a pure system or organization; both in Catholicism and Protestantism it has exhibited the faults of its qualities, says a writer in *The Edinburgh Review*. He proceeds to remark:

"It is not only that not all the elements in Christianity are of equal value; but that it is possible for mischievous or even deadly germs to lodge in the organism. Not everything that comes about under Providence is providential: the expulsion of these germs may be called for at all costs. Whether this was so in the sixteenth century is the question on the answer to which our judgment of the Reformation depends. We can not, indeed, return to the Christianity of the first days; those days, with their requirements and possibilities, are gone. But this Christianity retains its regulative value; by conformity, not indeed to its letter, but to its spirit, later developments of religion must be judged."

He summarizes the "deadly germs" that had lodged in the medieval Church, and that were particularly brought to light by the Renaissance, which had opened a new world. Infected by these germs the Church was rendered impotent and without influence. To quote:

"It would be a mistake to attribute this impotence only, or even chiefly, to the obscurantism and cupidity of the clergy. Its roots lay deeper. Catholicism, as has been said, had taken over the inheritance of antiquity; and now this inheritance was exhausted: a new departure had to be taken by a new world. Could not this departure have been taken from within? Separation from the main body of Christendom was a loss not only to sentiment: the spaciousness, the sweep and swing of the old Church were gone."

The separation brought about by the Reformation, he adds, involved "an emancipation obtained at a great, some may think too great a price." For the Reformed Church was by no means flawless, and Protestantism had in it "deadly germs," and showed no ultimate superiority to Catholicism, as the article says:

"The Reformation synthesis was weaker than its analysis. Nothing is more difficult than to keep knowledge and conduct in touch; yet nothing is more essential: a purely spiritual religion is for purely spiritual men. 'All that frees us without giving us self-mastery is dangerous,' says Goethe. The danger has not been wholly escaped by Protestantism, which, tested by religious results, is open to criticism on more than one side. As compared with Catholicism, it has been less of an obstacle to progress, material and intellectual; morally, tho it has laid stress on the natural virtues, so called, rather than on the supernatural, and so set up its own standard, there is probably little to choose between the two."

Catholicism for one thing is much better adapted to the limitations of human nature and much better able to enter into the life of a workaday world, says the writer. It "knows human nature better" than Protestantism. He continues:

"Catholicism is the religion of the concrete, Protestantism of the abstract man. Hence in practise, and taking mankind in the mass, the former is the more successful. The average man, be his belief what it may, is indifferent; and the indifferent Protestant loses touch with religion more easily than the indifferent Catholic; Protestantism demands more effort than he is able or willing to make. He slips, in consequence, more easily through its meshes: Catholicism is more accommodating; it deals with men on their own level and addresses them in their accustomed tongue. . . . The Church is human, and counts nothing human foreign to herself. Nor is her strength due only to her hold, be it worth what it may, on the half-hearted: she strikes more effectively than Protestantism the specifically religious note which stirs the imagination and fires the heart. A price has been paid for this superiority. The sense of the supernatural has too often degenerated into superstition; devotion has been brought down to the level of the vulgar, or below it; and thus Catholicism has fallen out of touch with the best factors of modern life to an extent to which Protestantism has not. But, on the religious side, the latter has not a little to learn from the former."

AS IT STRIKES THE SERMON REPORTER.

SOME sermons are unreportable, some are difficult to report; others disgust the stenographer by their exaggeration. Such is the verdict of an anonymous "Sermon Reporter" in *The Homiletic Review* (New York) who says:

"There are some sermons which are unreportable, or which, if they must be reported, have to be remodeled. Sermons of this kind are delivered by some of the most famous preachers of the day, and it is an unsolved mystery to the reporter how it happens that the men who deliver such incoherent sermons manage to build up their reputations. Nevertheless there is often a personal charm about a preacher which compensates for his lack of rhetoric."

He cites a certain preacher of this class, Dr. G. F. Pentecost, of Yonkers, N. Y., who "stands up straight in his pulpit, in a manner that suggests a campaign orator." He actually hypnotizes the congregation, and on the reporter makes the impression, to quote the writer's words:

"That he is a man of wide experience, a sort of ecclesiastical commercial traveler, who handles a side line in theology. One gathers a general impression of what he has to say, but it seems as tho it were only by chance that he says it definitely. Many of his sentences can not be printed without alteration. Subjects and predicates, singulars and plurals, pasts, presents, and futures will all be mixed up in the same period. The only consolation is that he does sooner or later come to a full stop."

Other sermons are pleasant to listen to, but have to be remodeled—practically rewritten before they can be printed. The words flow on and soothe by their liquid tones. Of such a preacher, Dr. Cortlandt Myers, of the Brooklyn Baptist Temple, we are told:

"He holds the hearer under a spell. His words are as rippling waters, charming the heart if not convincing the understanding. He has a pleasant voice and a clear enunciation, two elements which materially facilitate a reporter's work. He speaks and acts in the pulpit with the highest degree of emotion, and at least convinces others that he is convinced himself. When, however, the stenographer examines the notes of this fluent oratory, it is almost in vain to hunt for a phrase or sentence which will look well in print. The average hearer does not tire to any great extent of the redundancies, repetitions, interjections, and interrogations that abound; but, regarded as mere words, which have to be printed in grammatical sentences, the reporter's task in transcribing such incongruities is hopeless."

Even a very eloquent and affecting preacher may be unreportable, and his words when written seem like "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Such an one is Canon Knox-Little, of Worcester, of whom the writer says:

"He allows his feelings to carry him where they will, and he carries the congregation with him. He will preach for about forty minutes and deliver one continuous stream of perfervid sentences. The effect of the words, however, depends so entirely upon the time and place, and upon the passion and delivery of the preacher, that when they are written out they seem cold and meaningless."

The reporter thinks with Rev. C. H. Grundy, of Deptford, London, that "the best kind of preachers are those who have grown daughters; for daughters are relentless critics of parental mannerisms, and they have no illusions as to the value of ecclesiastical reputations."

Two years ago a German priest, the Rev. G. Dasbach, offered a reward of 2,000 florins to any one who should prove that the Jesuits taught the doctrine that "the end justifies the means." Count Hoensbroech, an ex-Jesuit, published a brochure, in which he claimed to furnish the proof demanded (see THE LITERARY DIGEST, March 19, 1904). The Count sued the priest for the reward, and the case came by appeal before the Supreme Court of the Rhine Province in Cologne. The court has recently decided that Count Hoensbroech failed to prove his point and is not entitled to the reward.

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FOREIGN COMMENT.

THE "LITTLE FATHER'S" OFFER OF A STONE FOR BREAD.

A LEGISLATIVE assembly for Russia — arbiter of peace and war, promoter of reforms—is a cry of all Muscovite reformers which has been growing louder and louder since the battle of the Sea of Japan. In fact, according to the *Intransigeant*, (Paris), it first became clear and articulate on the news of that crushing disaster. Since then the meetings of the Zemstvos, rural representatives, and Dumas, representatives of the municipalities, at Moscow; meetings of the Industrials; meetings of the liberal Union of Unions in Finland, have all been eagerly handling the subject of popular representation. At present, according to the *Correspondance Russe* (Berlin) the Czar is between the devil and the deep sea; anxious to do what his heart dictates, but hampered, checked, and browbeaten by the grand dukes. The *Correspondance* says:

"The opposition against the person of the Czar is increasing in the imperial family. The Dowager Empress is trying her utmost to bring about his abdication, or at least his temporary retirement from the throne. It appears as if Nicholas II. could easily be persuaded to lay aside his crown. While he is at times beset with an access of autocratic impulse, he is more often filled with a sense of his own incompetence. He has frequently said to the Czarina Alexandra that he would willingly change places with the Superior of a convent."

RECEPTION OF THE ZEMSTVO DELEGATION BY THE CZAR.
Simplicissimus (Munich).

As an example of the tender and humane side of his character the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin) quotes his speech to the deputation from the Zemstvos which he received at Tsarskoe-Selo; in his answer to Prince Trubetskoi, of Moscow University, who headed the delegation and had said to him, according to the *Vossische Zeitung*, "You alone can unite Russia," the Czar replied, "My will is sovereign and unchangeable, and the admission of elected representatives to political office will be regularly established. Every day am I watching and applying my mind to this question."

In addition to this, according to the *Temps* (Paris), he fixed the very date of this reform and promised that on the coming anniversary of the Czarevitch's birthday he would publish a proclamation ordering the nomination by the people of delegates to a National Assembly. Yet when the Zemstvos met an attempt was made by the police, says *L'Action* (Paris) to disperse the assembly, which had gathered under the sanction of Nicholas II.

While patriotic Russians and their friends hailed the announcement of the coming proclamation with shouts of joy, Minister of the Interior Bouliguine, says the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, published a statement in which he denied that the Czar promised a representative assembly like that of other countries. Thus does the "little father" give a stone where bread is asked, keeping the word of promise to the ear, yet breaking it to the heart. What kind of a new constitution the Czar really intends or intended to give the people is shown by the scheme drawn up under imperial command by Minister of the Interior Bouliguine, the text of which is given in the *Européen* (Paris). Its principal provisions are that a certain number of members shall be elected to form a popular assembly (Gosoudarstvennaia-douma) with power of legislation. This assembly or douma shall be divided into five sections dealing with different departments of the administration. Its debates are to be secret. Its president is appointed by the Czar, and its decisions subject to veto from the national council of the empire. It is not to control finances and has no voice in foreign politics. The ministers of state are independent of it.

This outline of a constitution was thrown out by the Zemstvos at their Moscow meeting. According to the *Figaro*, (Paris), the assembly declared that:

"The Bouliguine scheme, or any similar plan, is incapable of insuring us a national representative assembly, in the real sense of the term; neither can it bring the pacification of the country, nor avert the dangers which threaten it; nor deliver it from its present state of actual anarchy as a preliminary to its regular and peaceful development, on a basis of law and order."

The specific objections made to the scheme are detailed by the same paper, and especial stress is laid upon the fact that workingmen are not allowed a vote, that ministers are not subject to the people's representatives, and that the members of the proposed douma have no voice in foreign politics.

So high an authority as Maxim Gorky has recently been interviewed by a correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), and he is quite in accord with the Zemstvos as to the insufficiency of the proposed constitution. He is reported as saying that the peasant and laboring classes are politically more intelligent than the upper classes in Russia, and therefore fitter to vote. His words, as reported in the *Indépendance*, are:

"The people who say that the peasants are incapable of taking an active part in the political life of the country do not know them. The opinions of such persons may be dismissed from the minds of all thoughtful people as mere empty and childish babble.

"Our people, our peasants and working men, are much better informed than the class upon whom they are dependent. Their political and social ideas are far from being narrow.

"I have recently been talking with people of the lower classes, and such conversation has convinced me that on political, economic, and social questions they have much more intelligence than any functionary, I care not who he is, in St. Petersburg. . . . To take away or discriminate against the rights of peasants or working men in the future national assembly would be absurd."

The Russian press are divided as to the merits of the proposed constitution. The *Rousskia Védomosti*, the Zemstvo organ, sweeps it aside and proposes another scheme, which it gives in detail. The *Novosti* opposes the article providing for the independence of the ministers of state, and is met by the *Novoye Vremya* with the reply that under an absolute monarchy this feature could not fail to have beneficial effects. According to a despatch received from St. Petersburg by the organ of Henri Rochefort, already quoted, "the Union of Russian Liberal Unions have adopted a resolution to the effect that the Bouliguine scheme is an insolent challenge flung into the face of European nationalities. . . . The union decides that none of its members shall take part in any election to a National Assembly on these lines, and shall not even enter such an assembly."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

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RUSSIA'S NEED OF NEW ALLIES.

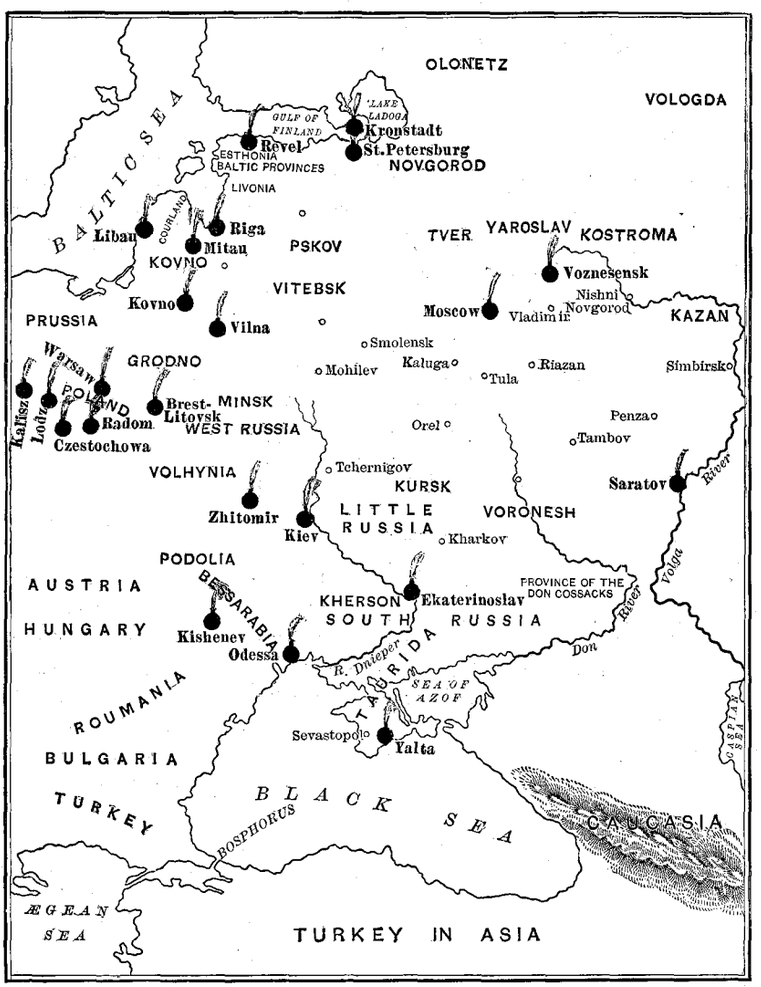
IN St. Petersburg and Paris despatches Mr. Witte, the chief peace plenipotentiary for Russia, has been represented as favoring a lasting peace in the Far East based on a Russo-Japanese alliance, such an alliance being quite as valuable to Japan as to Muscovy. The suggestion, strange as it may seem, has been well received in diplomatic, military, and press circles. Admiral Skrydloff advocates an alliance with Japan, and the nationalist *Novoye Vremya*, at the outset the bitterest assailant of the Japanese, of whom it could not write except in terms of scorn, contempt, and derision, admits that a peace treaty involving or laying the foundation for an alliance would be less humiliating to Russia, less dangerous to the Government, than one which should leave the relations between the two Powers strained and at bottom hostile. While Russia, this paper continues, has certainly suffered a bad defeat, she is too mighty to accept humiliation in a resigned spirit, and the part of discretion for the victor is to court the friendship and good-will of the temporarily defeated neighbor.

The *Novosti*, however, agreeing that the alliance with France has been materially weakened by recent developments, as the triumph of the German emperor in Morocco strikingly proved, nevertheless thinks that the disturbed "balance" in Europe can be restored and Russia's prestige saved without an alliance with Japan. The *Novosti* proposes two things—a good understanding between the Russo-French copartnership and the Scandinavian nations, or, practically, an alliance with a united Scandinavia, and a further understanding or combination with the Slav nationalities and principalities—Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania, and the rest. To quote from the *Novosti* editorial:

"All the Slav peoples, and particularly those of the Balkans, are vitally concerned in the right adjustment of the present Russian crisis and are anxious to see Russia thoroughly rehabilitated, both in her internal and external relations. All the Slav peoples realize fully that their fate and destiny are bound up with the future of Russia. Her prosperity is the guarantee of their future integrity and progress.

"The present war has demonstrated that we have pursued a wrong course, and it is time we chose a better way. The Slav peoples hail with delight the signs of transformation in Russia and earnestly regret any indication of reaction, any unnecessary delay and retardation of the necessary reforms. And it is hardly necessary to insist upon the fact that the Scandinavian nations, among the most enlightened and the freest in Europe, are equally interested in Russian regeneration."

The difficulties Russia has experienced, this paper concludes, have largely been due to the antipathy toward her internal policy. A reformed, emancipated Russia would command the sympathy not only of the French, but of all the nations named, and this sympathy would speedily find expression in a closer union with France and in the voluntary, eager cooperation of the Scandinavian and Balkan nationalities with the renewed and reestablished dual alliance. Russia's weakness and humiliation are a menace to European peace and welfare, and she would find friends and allies in every direction were she to break definitely with the fatal policy of repression and tyranny and seek salvation in freedom and liberalism.—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.



After a map in the New York "Evening Post."

LOCALITIES IN RUSSIA WHERE SERIOUS DISORDERS HAVE BROKEN OUT SINCE JANUARY 1.

POLISH PRESS ON THE RISINGS IN RUSSIAN POLAND.

MANY of the American newspapers have hastily interpreted the uprisings in Warsaw, Lodz, and other parts of Russian Poland as the struggles of the Poles to regain their independence. This is denied emphatically, however, by the *Slowo Polskie* or *Polish World*, of Leopol, Russian Poland, and by the *Zgoda* or *Concord*, of Chicago. These two witnesses, one under the influence of the censorship, and the other far removed from it, agree that the present riots do not aim at Polish independence. We are informed by these journals that the outbreaks are of an economic nature, instigated by the Socialist parties in Poland—the Polish Socialist party, the Social Democracy of the Kingdom of Poland and Lithuania, the Proletariat Polish Socialist party, and the General Jewish Labor Alliance (the "Bund"). As these parties—not excluding even the Polish Socialist party—are international and cosmopolitan, they are working, not in the interest of Poland, but of the Russian revolution. The Polish patriotic elements recognize that Poland is, at the present time and under present conditions, unable to make an armed revolt against Russia; and they are therefore furthering Poland's cause in other ways—organizing the people, fighting Government for the Polish language in the school and in the administration, and working for the autonomy of at least that part of Russian Poland called the Kingdom of Poland. The agitation of the Socialists, besides leading to a useless loss of Polish life, is pernicious to the Polish cause, inasmuch as it hinders the patriots, work of organizing the Poles into a solid body for effective service at a more suitable moment. Says the *Slowo Polskie:*

"Both the Polish

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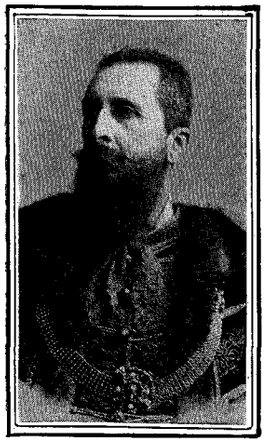
Socialist parties in Russian Poland (*i.e.*, the principal ones, the Polish Socialist party and the Social Democracy of the Kingdom of Poland and Lithuania) at present serve the interests of the Russian revolutionists and, in general, of the Russian opposition. The latter have deluded their allies by the hope of exciting a revolution in Russia. But, if they were able to lead into error public opinion in Europe and in some measure here, too, by the appearance of influence on broad circles, the Polish Socialists, who entered into a close league with them, should have had more exact information about their allies and about the state of things.



COUNT ALBERT VON APPONYI,

Prominent in the Hungarian National Party, who thinks the Norwegians did right.

"The Russian revolutionary parties are unable, not only to excite revolution in the State, but even to arrange great popular manifestations that could terrify the Government and force it to concessions. Neither on the laboring masses, nor still less on the village population, do these parties exert a serious influence. The constitutionalists, who rest on the small circle of independent 'intelligents,' also do not represent any real force. The apparent strength of the opposition elements lies in the fact that the government system is disorganized, powerless, that it can not cope with its tasks which are growing more and more difficult. The change in the governmental system in Russia, which is possible and even probable, will be the result, not of power of the revolutionary parties, but of the impotence of the Government. Incapable of waging an independent war with the Government, the Russian revolutionists are using the Polish revolutionists."

The possibility of the Russian revolution is believed, we are told, only by the Socialist rank and file; among the leaders there is probably none that treats it seriously. At the last conference of the Polish and Russian Socialists in June, the latter declared, explicitly and candidly, that at present they can not excite a revolution in Russia. This declaration did not restrain the Polish Socialists however; for they assured their followers that the revolution in Russia would break out at any moment, and that the Polish workingmen should be ready for an active support of it. When everything had been suitably prepared by means of strikes, manifestations, and so forth, the Socialist agitators explained to the poor, harassed, impoverished, starving, maddened wretches, that it is the Poles that should commence the revolution and give the signal to which the Russian revolutionists would respond. To quote further:

"The calling to rebellion was a piece of folly that could bring terrible consequences on the Polish nation; but that calling was at least sincere in its motives and aims. But the deluding of the Polish community by the fabrication of a Russian revolution, in the possibility of which the Socialists themselves do not believe, is a crime deserving of the severest condemnation. As long as the Polish community will not understand this and will not muster up the necessary energy, it will be the prey of the anarchy, which is hostile to its interests, and which seriously menaces its future."

BARON GESA VON FEJERVARY,

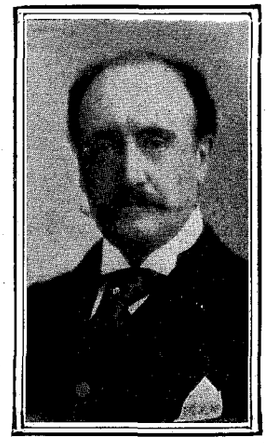
Whom the Emperor of Austria made Premier of the Hungarian parliament without consulting the people's representatives.

The *Zgoda*, of Chicago, takes a similar view. It says:

"Now, as formerly, we admire the bravery of the Lodz workingmen, half of whom were Jews, as the newspapers report; but we also express our condemnation of the tactics of those who sent those workingmen to be slaughtered."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

WILL HUNGARY FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF NORWAY?

PANIC, crime, and disaffection are said to be contagious, and rebellion sometimes sweeps over a continent like prairie fire. The question is naturally being discussed in the European press whether Francis Joseph is to share the fate of Oscar, and Hungary is to secede from the Austrian Empire. At present the Hungarian parliament is exhibiting what the newspapers call "passive resistance." The aim of the Emperor's command, by imperial rescript, to Baron Fejervary to form a ministry has so far been checkmated by the House of Representatives, and Count Albert Apponyi speaks in *Die Nation* (Berlin) somewhat contemptuously of what he styles the "Fejervary Episode." In his own words:



FRANCIS VON KOSSUTH,

Leader of the Hungarian National Party, who denied that his party sent congratulations to Norway.

"All considerations point to one unavoidable conclusion, namely, that the 'Fejervary Episode' must come to a quick end, before it entails a constitutional conflict, acute and irreparable. During the short time that this episode has lasted, matters have grown much more serious; it is true that before the specter of despotic usurpation men have shown no terror, but their hearts have become embittered. Away, then, with this futile and needless cause of provocation, and let the ground be cleared for the erection of a government with a program representing the wishes of the present majority."

Francis Joseph has acted with more uncompromising decision than Oscar of Sweden did; but, according to Count Apponyi, he is tempting Providence and endangering the throne of the Hapsburgs. "Even in Vienna," says the correspondent of the London *Standard*, "his action was considered ill-advised, more especially at the present time when the example of Norway may incite the Hungarians to further efforts in the direction of independence."

The reference to Norway is obvious and natural; and, according to Francis von Kossuth in the *Revue Bleue* (Paris):

"King and nation have stiffened themselves in mutual opposition, and it is to be feared that the constitution may be sacrificed in the struggle, in which the King of Hungary seems to forget that kings are made for nations and not nations for kings; for there are no kings without a kingdom, but plenty of kingdoms without kings."

The last words undoubtedly show that Norway was in the mind of the writer, who concludes by saying: "The Hungarian nation is like the Old Guard at Waterloo. They will die, but never surrender."

On the other hand, Count Apponyi, in the London *Standard*, scouts the idea of a separation. Hungarians form nearly half of the population of the Austrian Empire, and Austria would fight, rather than let them go. But they do not wish to go. To quote the Count:

"Do not the demands of Hungary in themselves portend a downfall—the dissolution of the dual monarchy? That is what others would have the world believe. . . . As a matter of fact, there is not a word of truth in all that; we seek not separation but agreement, a definite agreement, unhampered by the quibbles which have for centuries embittered our relations with Austria."

He adds that "in addition to the respect paid by every one to

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the person of Francis Joseph," the Hungarians "are deeply attached" to the House of Hapsburg, and wish to preserve their union with Austria, "the advantages of which" they "perfectly appreciate."

According to the *Temps* (Paris) Francis von Kossuth, who is president of the Hungarian National party, denies the printed rumor that this party sent a telegram of congratulation to the Norwegian Storthing on the result of their revolution.

Yet in a recent article in the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna) Kossuth, under the heading, "A Providential Warning," maintains that the Norwegians, in deposing a loved and respected king, proved that even nations of kindred blood are forced to separate when perfect parity is not otherwise attainable, and the legal national rights of one of them are sacrificed to a centralizing authority. The *Pester-Lloyd* (Budapest) takes the writer to task for the revolutionary tendency of this article, and especially because he compares Austria-Hungary with Sweden and Norway. The Bernardottes, says the critic, are not to be compared to the Hapsburgs, and the importance of Hungary is greater than that of Norway. Hungary needs Austria and to Austria the Magyars are necessary. The maintenance of the dual monarchy is one of the most important duties of the empire, and Austria-Hungary one of the bulwarks of Eastern Europe.

The Hungarian organ, *Budapesti Hirlap*, says that it is impossible to establish any parallel between the secession of Norway and the Hungarian crisis. "The geographical position and ethnical relations of Hungary, her historic vocation, not to speak of her national sentiment, seem to forbid her following in the track of Norway." The clerical organ, *Alkolmany* (Budapest), emphasizes still more clearly the difference between the Hungarian and Norwegian situation, but it draws a lesson from the experience of the Scandinavian revolutionists, which applies to Hungary as well as to every other nation, and says:

"The following lesson may be learned from Norway's example—namely, that the interests of the country may sometimes warrant the violation of certain historic conventions. The solidarity of peoples is of more importance than the preservation of a political alliance; the conscience of the nation is more powerful than the army. No one can carry on a government against the will of the governed. Sooner or later, the individuality of the national decision, if the people give proof of vitality and energy, must prevail, and carry off the victory."

The drift of popular opinion may also be divined from the caricatures in the Hungarian papers, one of which represents Oscar of Sweden as thrown from his horse, and warning Francis Joseph to keep a firm seat. Nor is it without significance that the *Fuegentlen Magyar Orszay* (Budapest), the Magyar organ, delivers a eulogy on the national vigor of Norway, which in the relatively brief space of ninety years has gained, by her economic and intellectual emancipation, the blessing of political independence.—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Ravages of the Plague in India.—While the loss of life in the battles in Manchuria fixes the attention of the world and promises to take an important place in history, a loss of life in India that more than equals every year the total strength of either army is scarcely noticed in our newspapers. Says a writer in *L'Illustration* (Paris):

"Since the beginning of the year, the mortality by the plague has made, in India, such progress that the English Government has decided to suppress the weekly statistics of it. Moreover, in order to give an idea of this increase here are some characteristic figures:

Year.	Number of Victims.
1901	275,000.
1902	580,000.
1903	850,000.
1904	1,025,000.

"The number for the year 1905 will be still more frightful, as for the first four months it already reaches 690,000. At this rate, for the entire year it will be more than *two millions*.

"It is admitted, it appears, that the native population is too numerous, and that these are insignificant little blood-lettings, representing no economic value. Be it so: but the eyes must not be shut to the inevitable consequences of solidarity. Tho India is very far from us, the plague-center of India will finally become so active that, at any given moment, it will no longer be possible for us to escape its attacks. It is England's duty to work with energy to extinguish this center, for, every consideration of humanity laid aside, she is assuming the responsibility of the disasters that are perhaps preparing. What do they expect to do, moreover, with the 700 physicians of the Indian medical service, in defense of a population of 260,000,000 inhabitants?"—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A FRENCH VIEW OF CORRUPTION IN AMERICA.

"THE institutions and methods of America have many points of superiority; these we have often drawn attention to and advised the Old World to learn from them," says a writer in the *Economiste Française* (Paris), and he proceeds to express a hope that he will not be accused of pessimism or prejudice if he undertakes to examine certain less favorable aspects, certain blemishes in the social and economic organism of the United States.

These aspects he does most thoroughly examine, and describes Tammany Hall as "a veritable association of pirates who exploit New York"; he deals with "prevailing collusion between politicians and the trusts," and gives a pretty vivid history of the Equitable scandals, in which was involved "one of the lights of the United States Senate," Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who received 100,000 francs a year "for doing something which he never did." In connection with other examples of corruption this writer mentions Paul Morton, John C. Driscoll, Messrs. Parks and Weinseimer, Senator Mitchell, and then stops, as if for want of breath, with the remark: "There are plenty of other cases that might be cited if one cared to go back far enough. We must be contented here to mention the most recent, those, that is, which have been detected within the last few months."

Yet he would not have his readers think that the United States is a sink of political and commercial immorality. He remarks:

"Must we come to the conclusion that the United States is a country profoundly and universally demoralized? We do not believe it. It is certain, however, that in that country where conditions change so quickly, and fortunes are made so rapidly and in many cases by purely legitimate means, a number of people yield to the temptation to resort to the gambler's trickery, and promote their own business at the expense of that of other people. This explains private corruption."

He proceeds to show that public corruption has always been the weakness of republics and despotisms. He says:

"It is not easy for these governments to protect themselves against professionals who look upon politics rather as a profitable than an honorable career, and know how to flatter the sovereign, whether he has a thousand heads or only one. It is satisfactory, however, to see that despite their cleverness in cajoling the people, these professional politicians are generally obliged, to whatever party they belong, to give place, and leave a nomination for honest men whenever political office of the first importance is in question. Some Presidents of the United States may have been surrounded by bad influences, but all have been men of strict integrity. All that is wanting in Americans is the exercise of great energy and perseverance if they would apply through their whole political organism the elevated standard of morality which they have always adhered to in the choice of their chief magistrates."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

GERMAN relations with Great Britain at the present moment, says the *Grenz-*[illegible]*lin*), are perhaps more unpleasant than they have ever before been in the history of the two countries. A British policy is criminal which undertakes to convert the friendly sentiments cherished in Germany for England into feelings of hostility, and which forces Germany to side with the enemies of Great Britain.

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BEST SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH.

A POLITICAL TIP.

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS.

IN "M'CLURE'S MAGAZINE" FOR AUGUST.

Such a vast number of short stories appear each month, of widely varying quality, that it is of interest and importance to indicate to our readers which one is the best. An examination of the best magazines for this month seems to show that the following story deserves that distinction.

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IT was the fifth green. The two caddies slid the putters into the bags with one hand and slipped the drivers automatically out toward the players with the other. The men caught the bulgy heads and swung the clubs about as they walked away to the next tee. The caddies, the bag-straps over their shoulders, ran jingling up the hillside and squatted halfway, expectant.

But the players were deliberate. The large man brought out a large handkerchief and mopped himself carefully and sat down on a bench in the shadow of a tree, and the other, slender and boyish at forty-five, the cadet of the United States Senate, rolled his sleeves up farther on his muscular arms, and then swung his driver with infinite pains, infinite exactness of form, half a dozen times at a belated clover head. The man's soul was on his full St. Andrew's stroke; one would have thought that the following through of the club was of more importance to him than the swinging of the political machine, which also lay this autumn, people said, in those slight and strong wrists.

The caddies, perched motionless on the hillside, like sphinxes of a brownie pattern, watched in brooding silence. Caddies miss little, and men's souls are often an open book to them. The fat man's boy spoke first.

"Jones is het up," he observed, with that reverence of spirit toward superiors which one remarks in caddies.

"Huh!" the other answered, oracularly. "I know what's het him."

"You're smart," Jones's boy retorted with sarcasm. "So d' I. 'Cause it's hot."

"Naw," the Delphic oracle shook his head. "'Tain't so much the weather's it's his rotten playin'. 'Tain't so hot. Look at the Senator. He ain't sweatin'."

"He ain't stout," argued the Jones partizan. "An' he ain't got Jones beat yet, nohow. He's only three holes up on him."

"The Senator can do Jones any day," said the Senator's caddy with firmness. "He's got him rattled now. Jones played that last hole durn bad"—which had been Jones's own statement, and was therefore perhaps correct. "What's more," the boy continued, launching into side issues, "the Senator can handle Jones in politics. I heard Abner H. Green say that."

Abner H. Green was the president of the golf club, so there seemed no going beyond this dictum. The Jones boy looked dejected.

"Did you?" he inquired, lamely, and then his face brightened. "Well, now," he began, excitedly, "now you listen. My pa said——'

"Huh," was the brief interruption of the Senator's caddy. Its force was felt by the other.

"You can 'huh' till you bust, but my pa he knows," he asserted indignantly. "He reads two papers an' he knows—an' he said—an' I tole him—an' I tole him I'd caddied for Milton B. Jones an' he said he was a big man, an' he ran some kinder machine, an' anyway he said he was the pres'dent of the Publican committee, an' he said he could handle the men like he pleased. So—" The Jones caddy glared.

But the senatorial caddy had not weathered thirteen hoary winters for nothing. "Chairman of th' Republicum State Committee—I guess I know that," he corrected, scornfully. "An' I don't care 'f he is. Abner H. Green said the Senator could handle him.—I guess he'd oughter know—he's pres'dent this golf club. That's all I know, but it's 'bout enough." He relapsed into stately silence.

The Jones boy was staggered, but having missed his shot, risked a blow with the butt of the musket. "Huh! what's a senator anyhow?" he inquired with bitter contempt. "You needn't think you've got the only pebble on the beach. I caddied for just as good a senator's your'n, only yesterday. That's him now," and he nodded back over the grassy stretch where, on the green of the last hole, apart from a group of three others, a tall figure stood etched against the sky.

The older boy smiled ironically. "Him? Oh, yes, he's one all right, and he's a nice man is Senator Muir. But they's different kinds of Senators, they is, an' he ain't the first kind. I heard Green tellin' his cousin, that was visitin' him, that Muir wasn't nothin' but a state senator, an' my man, Duke," he nodded toward the tee, "was a—was a—United senator, I guess he said."

The other boy turned a triumphant face on him quickly. "I guess you did hear that, and I guess you heard more'n that, 'cause I was there that day, an' Abner H. Green said how all the same it looked like Muir were goin' to be next governor. I guess governors is higher'n any kinder senators, united or nothin', so there!"

The older boy shifted his caddy-bag with a rattle, and spat manfully. "We wuz talkin' 'bout Jones's game," he stated impressively

Down on the bench by the tee there had been political conversation also. The situation as sketched by the two caddies was more or less assumed by the two players. Jones, his handkerchief still in his hand, and his hand on his fat knee, gazed thoughtfully up the hill where he would fain send his next ball, and listened to the Senator who, sitting beside him, beat the earth between his feet with the head of his driver as he talked. And as he talked he lifted his eyes to the narrow path down which they had come. Another pair of caddies ran jingling up the hill to join the first, and down the path two men were nearing them. The leader was a tall man of perhaps sixty years with a distinction about him, the look which should go with race but which is sometimes misplaced and fitted to simple character. So it happened that Cecil Duke, the United States senator, with the bluest blood of the country in him, was small and insignificant, while this self-made man, who began life as a shopkeeper in a small town, had the air of a prince. He stopped and stood silent, friendly, as he saw the two on the bench. Duke spoke.

"Pass us, won't you, Senator Muir," he said. "I've done up Jones and he's got to resuscitate before we play this hole."

Muir went straight to the sand-box as he answered in half a dozen words. "Thank you," he said. "I hope Mr. Jones will recover. It's seldom fatal," and there was a clean-cut sound as his driver struck the ball, and a whirr as it rose and soared up, far up the hill over the worst in the course.

All four watched spellbound as Muir's caddy ran on and on up the slope, and stopped well over its brow.

"Beauty!" pronounced the Senator, and Jones sighed.

"Must be two hundred yards," he said, solemnly.

The new-comers strode off, and the eyes of the two met each other. There was silence for a long minute, and the Senator suddenly began, as if taking up a conversation where it had been dropped.

"I regard it mostly as a question of confidence," he said. "Muir is the abler man; he would make the better governor. But it is important—it is absolutely necessary, as you know, Jones, that the next governor should not obstruct this street-railroad franchise tax bill of ours. And now comes a fact which I have just learned, the fact to which I referred in my letter. I understand Muir has large interests in the street railways in Rivertown, and this bill would cut into them severely. You can't expect the man to be anxious for a measure that would take twenty-five thousand dollars out of his pocket."

The chairman stuck out his under lip. "Muir told me that he approved of the bill—that he hoped its passage would not be obstructed."

"So he said to me also," the Senator agreed. "And if he is a man of exceptional honor he may be sincere. But it is a danger. It would be a temptation, to many men, to take the governorship on the understanding that he must sacrifice the money, and then balk at throwing away twenty-five thousand. Once governor he can pass that bill or veto it, and plenty of fine reasons could be found for a veto. It's a ticklish case," and the Senator batted the sand firmly with his driver.

Jones rubbed his damp handkerchief consideringly over his bald head. "He's the best candidate we have to put forward," he said. "Popular, very popular. And a man of brains. But of course there's Harrison; the convention will divide between these two. We can count on Harrison for doing as we wish."

"That's just where it is," agreed the Senator. "We can count on Harrison and we can't on Muir. Muir is a devil of a chap for reserve. I can't make him out. He may be as high-minded and simple as he appears, and he may be deep and slippery. I wish I knew."

"We know Harrison," Jones suggested.

The Senator smiled sarcastically. "He's not difficult. It's too bad to give the people a figurehead for a governor, but it won't be the first time, and he's not a bad sort. We could put him through. Yet Muir would make a fine chief executive—we could be proud of him." He stopped and then went on "He hasn't an idea I know about that stock of his. Don't mention it, for it might complicate things. You and I will decide this nomination," and he looked at the perspiring chairman and almost added aloud—"and I will decide you." But he merely elaborated the other statement. "The convention will be about even for Muir and Harrison; we'll merely have to swing a few votes to decide it. And it all hangs, rather curiously, on a moral point—whether Muir is or is not to be relied upon."

"My advice is to nail the man we are sure of," said the chairman, and the Senator arose.

"I'm inclined to think so, but the convention is not until Friday and this is Tuesday. Now let's play golf—that's more important. My honor, isn't it?"

He put his hand deep into the box of wet sand and patted a tee into shape and laid a ball tenderly on its peak. He swung the driver once

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again and then took his position in careful form. "Fore!" he shouted across the little valley, and the caddies, deep in discussion, jumped and stood alert.

Half an hour later, on the ninth green, close by the club-house, the Senator, with a theatrical twelve-foot put accomplished the destruction of Mr. Jones, and the latter, breathing heavily, drew out his watch.

"By Jove!" he announced, "I've got to run for it to make that car. Senator, will you pay my caddy—see you to-morrow," and he disappeared into the house with lumbering celerity.

The Senator poured silver into one hand with the other, and drew the caddies into conversation as he counted, for he was by way of being an amateur in humanity, this man of the world who had been born well and bred well and had lived well, who had seen most of the complicated phases of society which the world has to show, and had come by that circuitous route to the knowledge of the charm of simplicity. He liked to hear these boys talk for the raw human nature which sunned itself, unshadowed by conventionality, in their startling sentences. Smiling to himself over the remarks of the youngsters he sauntered, his bag over his shoulder, toward the club-house.

There were few women at the Country Club to-day and the men were all out playing on the links—the house looked quite deserted. But in one corner of the broad piazza sat a small figure in a quaker-like gray gown, and as the Senator, coming up, looked curiously at this slightly incongruous apparition where smart women in smart clothes filled, ordinarily, the scene, he saw that she was knitting with lavender wool.

He stopped short, and caught his breath, for like the magic of a developer poured on the blankness of a film, a picture which lay always sleeping in a deep place of his heart flashed into light at the sight of the simple business. There had been an old aunt of his in an ancestral farm-house in Connecticut who had meant much to his boyhood, and had kept a gentle hold on his manhood until one June day only a year ago she had made the change, to her mind not a great one, from New England to heaven. When he saw the little woman tranquilly knitting on the Country Club piazza he smelled suddenly the yellow roses that grew under the dining-room window at Elmfield; he was on the side porch of the old shingled house, and the late afternoon sun lay in streaks over the board floor; across the garden, against the cedar-hedge, blazed the blue of serried ranks of larkspur; Aunt Rosina sat in the rocking-chair he remembered; her needles flashed through the silvery shimmer of lavender wool, and her voice called him again as he had loved to hear it always, "My boy."

The Senator was all at once aware that he was standing transfixed on the edge of the green, and staring brazenly at a stranger. He moved slowly in, but his eyes dwelt still as he moved, lingeringly, on the sober little figure, and as he looked he saw the ball of wool fall and roll softly toward him. He sprang to pick it up eagerly—he had so many times picked up big, soft lilac balls like this—and laying down his clubs he held it toward her with a smile.

"I hope it isn't soiled," he said—the Senator's manner could be very winning when he chose.

"Thank you, sir, very much"—there was distinct primness and shyness in the old-fashioned speech, but the Senator liked it. He held the light round mass in his hand a moment more, making a pretext of brushing off dust.

"It is a very pretty color," he ventured, and a pair of startled blue eyes met his with pleased wonder, eyes that shining from under gray hair and set in a face touched with wrinkles, yet were in all essentials sixteen-year-old eyes.

"*I* think it's pretty," she agreed and then, as if yielding to temptation, she went on in a voice shy at first, but gathering assurance. "They laugh at me at home and say I'm foolish over lavender. But it seems to me when a woman gets to my age, and it isn't just proper to wear red, and pink, and blue any more, a touch of color is a real pleasure." She stopped and looked at him a trifle apologetically, a little startled at the boldness of the adventure.

The Senator kept his eyes firmly on the knitting, and his matter-of-fact, friendly voice was reassuring. "Indeed I don't see why you shouldn't wear the pinks and blues," he said with a sort of gentle authority, as he might have said it to Aunt Rosina. "I think you—I think it would be charming," and he lifted his gaze to see a flush creeping over the delicate wrinkles and making the childlike old face, as he had said, charming. It had been a very pretty girl who had evolved into this staid and quaker-like little woman of sixty, and the beauty and the youth were part of her yet. He went on quickly, for the shy look in those girlish blue eyes—"But there is nothing prettier than lavender, and I like very much to see women—to see ladies knitting." He knew by instinct that it would please her better to have him say "ladies" than "women." Even to-day, in the country, the emancipated, straight-from-the-shoulder word "women" has a slightly rough sound to the ear.

"Do you?" she asked with quick interest, her touch of embarrassment gone. "Does your mother do much knitting work? Or your wife?"

The Senator smiled as he had a vision of his last glimpse of his mother, gorgeous in a Paris gown at the head of a glittering dinner-table. "No," he said gently, "I have no wife, and it wasn't my mother I was thinking of, but an aunt of whom I was very fond. May I sit down and talk to you a little while?" he asked, drawing a chair toward her.

"Certainly—I would be pleased to have you," and there was a sudden access of primness again. But the Senator knew now how to put her at ease.

"What is it you're making?" he inquired turning a glance of ignorant masculine appreciation at the soft pile in her lap.

She held it up to show him. "It's a sort of shawl to throw over your shoulders on cool evenings," she explained, earnestly. "We used to call all such things 'fascinators,' but that word is going out of fashion now, I'm told. You gentlemen don't know much about them, I presume," and she smiled at him as if making allowance. Then she went on cheerily. "The ladies around here don't do much fancy work, I've noticed, but my! you waste a power of time if you sit with your fingers idle here at the Country Club. Jim—my husband, likes I should come out with him while he's playing the golf, and it's real pretty and I enjoy it. We haven't lived here but two months and I don't know many of the ladies yet, but they seem nice and friendly, what I do know, and last Saturday they made me take tea and cakes with them—it was very enjoyable. . . . I'm a little timid about meeting strangers, but Jim—why he never seems to think about himself. I believe if he was to meet the King of England he wouldn't give a thought to whether he was behaving the right way but would just take an interest in the King to see if he was a smart man, and had brains enough to suit him. He's the least conceited of any person I know, but yet he never seems to have an idea that there's anybody any better than he is—that's Jim—Mr. Muir, I mean."

The Senator gave a slight start, but the little woman in the gray gown did not notice it. She was launched on a subject that pleased her and preoccupied with its interest.

"It's funny, isn't it, how folks change as they grow older?" she inquired. "Now when Jim and I kept company in Berryville—that's five miles from Rivertown—I was always called the lively one of the two. My father was the doctor and we had a big house and two horses, and we girls had lots of beaux, and I was always one for going. But Jim, he was the son of the Presbyterian preacher, and a sort of quiet young fellow. He kept a little dry-goods store, first-off, but that was because he was poor and it was the best thing he could find to start with. He never liked that business—he always wanted to be a lawyer, as he was later. And he was always studying nights instead of beauing me to parties like the other young men. I think—" the blue eyes smiled with a reminiscent mischief—"I think maybe that was the reason I liked him—because I couldn't get him so easy. The other girls joked me a good deal when I took Jim. They said I would have to talk to him and then answer myself—he was that quiet. But I didn't care—I was smart enough to know a real man when I saw him." Her head gave a defiant little toss as if answering those laughing "girls" of forty years ago. "And father stood by me. He said to me 'Letitia, you've done well. Jim's as good as gold, and what's more, he's capable. And what's still more, he's a man of his word—character counts for success in the long run—you'll see." The little woman stopped a moment and her face grew thoughtful. "Maybe father was right, but it don't seem so to me. Of course I wouldn't have Jim any other way, but I can't help seeing how keeping his word hasn't meant success to him. He's lost more'n he's gained that way, but still—" her face brightened—"still self-respect's worth something, don't you think so?"

A few people had been coming and going at the other end of the big piazza while the two sat talking, and more than one had looked curiously to see the distinguished Senator, whose small, trim figure was well known in many societies, deep in conversation with an unknown little woman wearing a gown quite evidently the *chef-d'œuvre* of a country dressmaker. . . . "I'm afraid I've been talking a sight of nonsense," she apologized. "Father used to say I was an awful steady talker, but Jim seems rather to like it, so I get into the habit."

The Senator had a pretty old-fashioned stateliness once in a while which he had caught from a fine old grandfather. "I have been not only interested but honored, Mrs. Muir, by everything that you have said to me," he assured her with an air, and the flattery of it went straight, as intelligent flattery always goes straight to a normal woman's heart. "But you were in the middle of things," he went on. "I wanted to hear what you were going to say."

"Probably wasn't much," said Mrs. Muir. "I was talking about Jim as I remember—Mr. Muir, I mean. I started to call him the Senator first-off when he was made that, but he wouldn't let me—said it wasn't good form. I don't know how on earth that man knows all the little wrinkles, but he does."

"Some people have a gift that way," said Duke, gently. Then, as if touching with a light hand the lever of a delicate machine, "but you were going to tell me, I think, how your husband's honor for his word had hindered his success. Will you not?"

The man knew to a shade how much to dare, and a quality in his

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manner made it seem pleasant that he should dare more than other people. Instead of being frightened she was stimulated by this quiet demand on the intimacies of her history. She smiled at the Senator.

"Seems funny a stranger would care to hear about it," she said. "But my! I feel as if we were old friends by now. You seem sort of real home-like." She looked hard at him a moment, and her blue eyes took on a mistiness. "Jim and I had a boy once—he lived to be five. I always keep his birthdays, and if he'd stayed he'd have been almost your age, and seems to me he'd have looked a little like you."

The Senator flushed, for his long youthfulness was a trial to him. "I'm older than you think me," he said, and then— "But I am glad to remind you of your boy. And you're going to tell me how your husband kept his word to his disadvantage, aren't you?"

With that new thought of the likeness to the little face that had never grown dim in her memory, the woman would have gladly told him anything. A dimple flashed into her soft cheek. "Why, yes, if you want to hear. Lots of times Jim's done that—kept his word when't wasn't to his good—but this time I'm thinking of was the most so. You see when father died my brother Tom was just growing up, and we could all see that he wasn't a reliable sort. Oh, a good boy, you know, but full of wild ideas and no head for business. So father, just before he died, made Jim promise he'd stand by Tom as if he was his own brother, and see that he didn't get into trouble. And Jim promised, bless him. Tom worried along at this and that, and three or four times he failed for small amounts and Jim set him up again, and finally he settled pretty well, and for a year we thought he was going to do all right. And meantime Jim and I had been saving and we'd got together a capital of ten thousand dollars, and Jim heard of the telephone business, which you know was new fifteen years ago. Well, he studied it and he made up his mind it was going to be a great thing. And so when the chance came along to invest in it he was ever so pleased, and decided he'd put all our money, the ten thousand dollars, into it. Jim has lots of sense about such things and he seems to be able to tell beforehand what's going to succeed. He's never made a mistake."

The Senator smiled. "I've heard that—" he began, and stopped short. "I've heard it said that some men had that faculty," he completed.

"Yes, sir. Jim—Mr. Muir—is that way. So Jim was as sure as living that in five years our ten thousand dollars would be two hundred thousand and we had a sight of plans, when just at that moment my brother Tom failed again. I don't understand much about business, but I know that it was just ten thousand dollars that was needed to fix things and start Tom over. Well, that was a real hard time. Jim walked the floor all of one night, he hated so to give up that chance at the telephone business, and of course I was upset because of Jim and because of Tom. So finally, not thinking of myself but of Jim, I begged him to let Tom go. It wasn't fair he should be sacrificed for a boy that didn't have it in him to succeed anyhow. I talked to Jim that way and begged him, and my sister Sophie, she came and talked the same. But Jim wouldn't consider of it for a moment, because he said he'd given his word to father. He had to see that Tom shouldn't get into trouble, and there wasn't anything said about whether it was inconvenient to him—Jim said. Sophie and I were both real out of patience with him, but just the same he kept his word and started Tom all over, and within the year Tom died, and then Jim felt kind of glad he'd done it, even if he'd lost the chance of his life. And I guess it was that too, for I've heard said that ten thousand dollars at that time would have been near half a million by now."

The pleasant voice with its slight burr, with its rural inflections here and there, had stopped, and there was silence on the large empty piazza. A locust's clear, strident call sang a short song of hot weather and still air, and ceased suddenly. The Senator—his hands clasped on one knee, his brows drawn together above eyes which gazed consideringly over the velvet ninth green and out beyond to tossing fields of rye, and spreading elms, and away where faint hills rimmed the horizon bluely—the Senator seemed lost in thought. So quiet he was that the little woman spoke timidly.

"I'm afraid I've talked to you so much you're tired out, sir," she said, and at that he turned his eyes toward her and smiled almost tenderly, the smile of conscious strength toward unconscious and appealing weakness.

"I was thinking," he said, as if half speaking to himself, "that so intricate are the workings of the mills which grind men's motives and actions that a good deed thrown into the wheels in darkness might yet come out into the light as a crown of glory. Bread cast upon the waters sometimes takes such a winding way for its return and comes back so changed that the original morsel may not always be identified."

The little country woman had not heard her new friend talk in this way. She looked alarmed.

"I—I don't know exactly what you mean, sir," she stammered, "but—but if you're trying to comfort me with the idea that Jim will ever get anything out of that money, it's no use We've given that up for good, long ago," she said, smilingly. "And there's worse things to lose than money, so don't you worry for me," she reassured him. "Besides, now Jim's got quite some stock in the street railways in Rivertown and we're hoping for good returns out of that—but we're not so bad off any way."

The last word fell by its own weight, for the speaker started as she spoke it, and gazed brightly at a man who had just sent a long approach shot from a hundred yards away, whose ball was even then tinkling down the shaven surface of the green.

"Why, there's Jim this minute!" she exclaimed. "That's his ball—Oh, look out! Dear, dear! There!" And relief was in her tone. "I declare I thought, one second, the ball was going plumb into that hole—but it's safe now," and she sighed happily, and the Senator laughed, and his eyes were so filled with pleased amusement as she met them that, though she did not understand, she could not but be pleased as well. He got up and lifted the rattling bag full of clubs from the floor, and waited as Muir's tall figure swung toward them. He glanced from his wife to Duke with slightly astounded eyes, and the latter spoke.

"Senator, I want you to thank Mrs. Muir for me, better than I can do it, for a delightful hour," and he turned and took the little woman's hand. "I shall look forward to seeing you again—many times, I hope," he said, and was gone.

Ten minutes later the two sat on the car flying toward town, and Mrs. Muir began to ask questions.

"Who did you say that pleasant spoken young man was, Jim? I couldn't catch the name, and you were in such a hurry with your paddies and your sticks and all, that I didn't like to bother you. I want to know, because he's the homeliest, plainest, most like our own folks of anybody I've seen yet."

Muir answered quietly, but there was a gleam in the kindly glance which rested on his wife's animated face. "That was Senator Cecil Duke," he said.

"No! Is that the great Senator Duke—Well now!" exclaimed the little woman. "Why, I didn't suspicion it was anybody big. He seems as common as you or me! Why, Jim, I talked away to him just as easy as if it was you."

"What did you talk to him about?" Muir's slow tones demanded.

"Oh, I don't know. The knitting began it. Then we got chattering over golf, and then, of course, Jim, you know I always do talk about you, dearie." She laid her hand in perfect confidence of being understood, on her husband's arm, and as he tightened his big muscles to hold it there, she had no hint of the sudden chill that struck in at the words:

"You ought not to bore people with me, Letty."

"But he wasn't bored, Jim—he was interested. He kept asking questions. You ought to have heard him." And the vague fear closed its freezing clutch on his soul.

"What questions did he ask you, Letty?"

"Oh, I can't remember exactly, dear," she answered, brightly, pleased at this detailed interest from her reserved and silent husband. "Lots of things about you, Jim—I think he must admire you a great deal."

"Did you by any chance tell him anything about my affairs—that I had stock in the Rivertown street-railways, for instance?"

"Yes," she nodded, smiling. "I did tell him that—I remember distinctly." There was something suddenly in her husband's attitude that frightened her. "Was that wrong? Have I made you trouble? Oh, Jim, if I have!"

Muir, his head turned away, stared out of the car-window at the sliding fields, at the monotone of world which lay against an orange ball of sun. But he did not see the picture. His gaze was introspective, and he looked at the ruin of the hope of strenuous years. He knew, or thought he knew, that the knowledge of his interest in the Rivertown railways would destroy Senator Duke's faith in his support of the street-railway franchise tax bill. He had hoped, as his stock stood in another name, that his ownership of it would not come to his ears. And he knew his own honesty and single-mindedness. The ambition of ten years of his life had been to be governor of his State; when at the crucial point he had seen that the nomination hung on this tax measure and that the next governor must sign the bill which would mean to him the loss of twenty-five thousand dollars, he had considered the question carefully. He was not an extremely rich man and the twenty-five thousand dollars meant a sacrifice, but he had resolved to make it for the honor which seemed to him the crown of a lifetime—the governorship. He meant to sign the bill. Yet these men would not believe it. Certainly his chance was gone now,—gone in an hour's idle, purposeless talk. A sea of rage surged, beat against the walls of his heart. For the first time in their life he was deeply, passionately angry at his wife, and stinging words shaped themselves in his mind. But he was always a slow speaker, and before the words were uttered a thought flashed across him. He remembered a promise he had made to himself when, after the boy died, he had watched for months her struggle to fight out of her bitter sorrow, for his sake, back to life and brightness. He had said then that never would he consciously bring unhappiness to the brave and unselfish soul. He knew that it would be a knife in her heart if he told her what she had done to-day. And it was done; he must suffer, but she need never know; he would keep that unspoken promise. He put the grip of his will on the throat of the anger

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which seemed like a wild animal in him; slowly, strongly, he choked it back.

The little woman's voice spoke anxiously. "Jim, why don't you answer? Have I done anything that was wrong?"

He turned a face to her twisted with a tremulous smile. "I'm not apt to think anything wrong that you do, am I, Letty?" he said, gently, and patted her hand.

Mr. Milton B. Jones heaved himself up from his chair in Senator Duke's library. The Senator stood back as if impressed with the fear that some loosely anchored bit of him might roll off.

"So you see, Senator," he concluded, "Muir is the man, as I've told you all along, and it wouldn't be a bad plan to write a line to say so." Both of which thoughts were the Senator's own, so grafted on the tree of Jones's intellect that the adopted parent stem rejoiced in them as its own fruit.

"Yes," he repeated with decision, "Muir is the man and you must write and tell him so." And he bumped against the door-jamb and oozed away.

The trim figure of the other stood motionless, thoughtful, in the middle of the room a moment, and then moved alertly to the table. He swept the letters aside and drew a sheet of note-paper toward him slowly. "I must give the man a hint as to where his luck comes from," he murmured, and rumpled his waving hair backward and looked hopelessly youthful as he frowned, consideringly. "Yet I can't use his wife's name." Then he caught up a pen and wrote rapidly.

That afternoon at five o'clock Muir's latch-key turned in his front door, and his wife, upstairs in her room, heard him come dashing up the stairs like a boy. She stood to meet him with inquiring eyes, and his lighted face told her instantly that he brought good news.

"Read this, Letty," he said.

"'My Dear Senator Muir,' she began aloud—'The Milkman—The Mansion,'—What's that word, Jim? It's such a funny hand."

He caught the paper. "Letty, child, you never could read writing. This is the greatest letter of our lives, and I can't have you mangle it. Listen.

"'My Dear Senator Muir:

"'Mr. Milton B. Jones, the chairman of the State Republican Committee, and I, have come to a decision in regard to to-morrow's convention, which I think you have a right to know at once. We have concluded to throw our influence in favor of your nomination for Governor, and we consider ourselves happy in supporting a candidate so fitted for the office. If I might, without impropriety add a word of personal import, I should like you to know that information of important political bearing supplied by your best friend has directly affected our decision. Wishing you every good fortune, I am, "Sincerely yours,

"'Cecil Duke.'"

Mrs. Muir listened spellbound. "I call that real nice of Mr. Duke," she said, heartily, when her husband's glowing face signified the end. "But I don't just see what you're so excited over, Jim. It's friendly of those two men to be for you, but dear me! That's not so much! What's two men? I presume there'll be two hundred at the convention, won't there?"

"My dear," said Muir, "I'm afraid you will never do much in politics—your talents are not that way. Letty, Jones will manage the convention to-morrow and Duke will manage Jones. As Cecil Duke lifts his finger so the nomination goes. And the Republican nomination is the election, this fall." It was plain that the future governor wanted badly to whoop for joy. "But I can't think who the Senator means by 'my best friend'—the friend who has supplied important political information. That puzzles me. Try to help me think who my best friend is, Letty."

Mrs. Muir knitted her brows and blinked. "Now who can that nice young man mean by that?" she meditated.

"Well, we'll probably find out later," Muir concluded, happily. Then he bent and drew his wife's arm about his neck and kissed the wrinkled hand on his shoulder. "I know who my best friend really is, Letty, but I don't think the Senator does. And, anyway, she hasn't much influence in politics," he said, tenderly.

The little woman laughed and laid her face against his. "No, 'tisn't very likely that I'll ever help to make you governor, Jim," she answered.

The Evening Post, commenting on the publication in France of three new books on Nietzsche, asks why it is that Nietzscheism, which has made such inroads into modern French literature, is no more than a word in this country. The philosophy itself, which has been summarized in the sentence "There is only one right sacred in this world, and that is force," is common enough among us in practise, says *The Post*—"commoner, probably than in France." The paper makes this an illustration of the difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the French attitude toward abstract ideas. "Over there they believe in abstract ideas; they make books, and, after a while, they live up to them. Here we act from impulse and tradiion; our books lag behind our practise."

NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

STORIES OF THE NEW YORK FIREMEN.

The Smoke-Eaters. By Harvey J. O'Higgins. Cloth, 297 pp. Price, $1.50. The Century Company.

THIS is a book of "rattling good" stories. As the name indicates, the author has dealt with the fortunes of firemen obviously belonging to the great New York department that is at once the mystery and the admiration of the ordinary citizen. A reading of these stories will do away with the mystery to some extent, but can only heighten the admiration. Mr. O'Higgins has been wise in confining his attention to one squad of fire-fighters, so that while the ten stories comprising the volume are complete in themselves, the same characters appear throughout. There is Meaghan, the Captain of the Company, of the old school, plain and blunt, keen-eyed and alert, who swears at his men like a trooper, but manages them with an adroitness that has won him a name in the department. Then there is Fuchs, "the Guinea," who is as nimble as a monkey; Lieutenant Gallegher, a fireman first and last, who gives the petticoats a wide berth; Sergeant Pim, always to be depended upon in action, but who is prone to deviltry in the bunk-room; and finally there is Donnelly, who best can be described in the words of Pim: "They say St. Patrick drove all the snakes out of Ireland, but there's a good few of th' Irish breed in the fire department, an' when I step near the tail of one, I get off an' away without any debatin'. There'll be another of his kind happen along some day, an' put a sting in him. Don't doubt it."

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS.

The opening tale in the volume tells how the "red ink squad" accounted itself in the famous Tarrants' chemical warehouse fire. The red ink squad were new recruits, and were so called because during the period of their probation their names were entered on the company's roll in red ink.

The chapter recounts how Captain Meaghan sent Lieutenant Gallegher, Sergeant Pim and four of the probationers into the burning building to open smoke-vents in the upper stories, how an explosion of chemicals cut off their retreat from below, while the flames that were licking the face of the building made it impossible for their comrades to raise ladders to the sixth-story window that offered their only exit. Then came the real trial of the red ink squad, and Mr. O'Higgins tells us how, after "Dan Jordan" had gone fire crazy and leaped to a horrible death, the others linked themselves into a human chain and edged out on a three-inch ledge of ornamental stone that crossed the face of the building at that dizzy height, until they reached an adjoining window, from which they were pulled to safety. And this was how, through the sheer grit of desperation, the red-inkers escaped from the fire that "turned them black."

There is much information to be gained from these stories, and to one who has no idea of the methods with which the New York firemen battle the element that hourly threatens the great metropolis in some fresh outbreak the insight which it gives will prove little short of a revelation. One of the chapters describes a fight on the water front to control the flames in a vessel that is being loaded with oil and powder, at a pier on the other side of which a steamer is discharging a cargo of cotton. How the firemen were caught in a trap, and how, after swimming for their lives, they "turned pirate" on a tug whose captain had displayed a cowardly disposition, makes thrilling reading.

This is a good book for boys, altho not designed especially for young readers. It contains much healthful excitement, a mass of information, and many lessons in manliness, but no false bravado. It reminds one of the writings of Gouverneur Morris in style, while the subject has been touched by Cleveland Moffett in his "Careers of Danger and Daring." Not literature in a strict sense, the book is of that higher class of journalistic writing to which three-fourths of our current publications belong.

As for the critics, *Collier's Weekly* says the stories "are uneven in quality" and the New York *Criterion* says they are "not remarkable as pieces of construction"; but *The Saturday Evening Post* has "absolutely no fault to find" with them, and declares that "of their kind they are as good as they could well be." "Rarely does one read a book," observes the New York *Globe*, "in which human strength and human weakness are so capitally portrayed."

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is in receipt of the following books:

"Parisians Out of Doors."—F. Berkeley Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, $1.50 net.)

"Bossism in Cincinnati."—Henry C. Wright. (Published in Cincinnati.)

"Good Form for Men."—Charles Harcourt. (John C. Winston Company, $1.00.)

"Applied Theology."—Rev. F. C. Montfort. (Montfort & Co., Cincinnati, $1.00.)

"Hot Conjee."—Margaret Louise Lynd. (The Editor Publishing Company.)

"The Russian Peasantry."—Stepniak. (E. P. Dutton & Co., $1.25 net.)

"The Case of Russia."—Alfred Rambaud, Vladimir G. Simkovitch, J. Novicow, Peter Roberts, and Isaac A. Hourwich. (Fox, Duffield & Co., $1.25 net.)

"Indian Stories Retold from St. Nicholas."—(The Century Company, $0.65.)

"Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie."—Stephen Conrad. (L. C. Page & Co., $1.50.)

"Lhasa and its Mysteries."—L. A. Waddell. (E. P. Dutton & Co., $6.00 net.)

"The Memoirs of an American Citizen."—Robert Herrick. (Macmillan Company, $1.50.)

"The Handbook of Princeton."—John Rogers Williams. (Grafton Press, $1.50 net.)

"Russia."—Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace. (Henry Holt & Co.)

CURRENT POETRY.

Azrael.

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.

The angels in high places
  Who minister to us,
Reflect God's smile—their faces
  Are luminous,
Save one whose face is hidden.
  (The Prophet saith,)
The unwelcome, the unbidden,
  Azrael, Angel of Death.
And yet that unveiled face, I know
  Is lit with pitying eyes,
Like those faint stars, the first to glow
  Through cloudy winter skies.

That they may never tire,
  Angels, by God's decree,
Bear wings of snow and fire—
  Passion and purity,
Save one, all unavailing,
  (The Prophet saith,)
His wings are gray and trailing,
  Azrael, Angel of Death.
And yet the souls that Azrael brings
  Across the dark and cold,
Look up beneath those folded wings.
  And find them lined with gold.

—*From Harper's Magazine.*

The Builders.

A LONDON VISION.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

Staggering slowly, and swaying
Heavily at each slow foot's lift and drag,
With tense eyes careless of the roar and throng
That under jut and jag
Of half-built wall and scaffold streams along,
Six bowed men straining strong
Bear, hardly lifted, a huge lintel stone.
This ignorant thing and prone,
Mere dumbness, blindly weighing,
A brute piece of blank death, a bone
Of the stark mountain, helpless and inert,
Yet draws each sinew till the hot veins swell
And sweat-drops upon hand and forehead start,
Till with short pants the suffering heart
Throbs to the throat, where fiercely hurt

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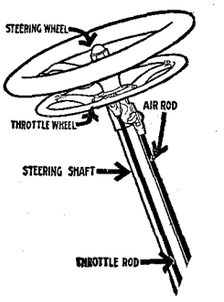

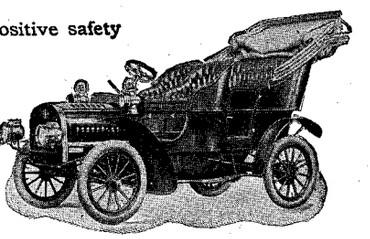

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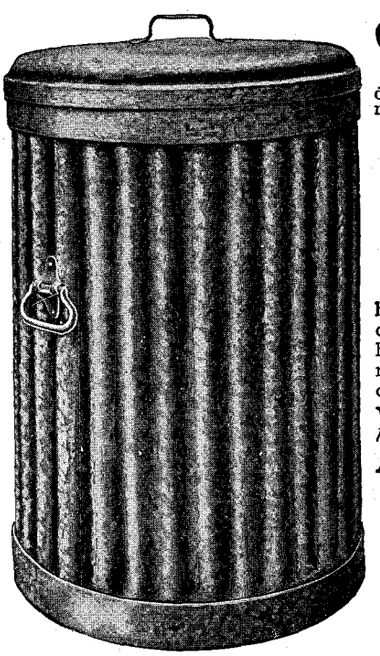

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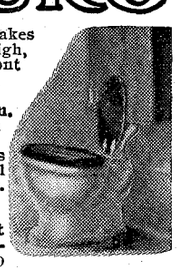

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Are nerved and narrowed to one aim intense,
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What tyrant will in man or God were stronger
To summon, thrall and seize
The exaction of life's uttermost resource
That from the down-weighed breast and aching knees
To arms lifted in pain
And hands that grapple and strain
Upsurges, thrusting desperate to repel
The pressure and the force
Of this, which neither feels, nor hears, nor sees?

—*From The Saturday Review.*

The Faith in Doubt.

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS.

The peace of God descends more softly shed
Than light upon the deep,
And sinks below the tumult of my years
Deeper than dreams or sleep.

And somehow, as of dusk was born the star
Whose fire is on the sea,
Another star from doubt's profounder dark
Is risen and shines on me.

—*From Harper's Magazine.*

PERSONAL.

Sergius Witte.—The visit of Mr. Witte to America as a member of the Russo-Japanese Peace Commission renews interest here in one of the strongest and most striking personalities in Russia to-day. Mr. Witte was born in the Caucasus, we learn from the Boston *Transcript*, and has held many important offices, including the post of Minister of Finance, which is said to be the highest administrative post in the Russian Empire. Major T. G. Pangborn, who has traveled much in Russia, says of him:

"This country has never seen a Russian of the calibre of Sergius Witte, who comes as chief envoy of his country to the peace conference. He is a rara avis among Muscovites, as he would not stay caged and would be a great man whatever his nationality.

"Witte dares, and that is more than can be said of most men in Russia, when in the balance is position and power. It cost him his ministry—shelved him. President of the Council of State, or what not of high-sounding titles constitute mere nomenclature—mean in reality 'has-beens,' to 'go 'way back and sit down,' as the expressive slang of our own land puts it.

"Had Witte been born to the purple he would have been a perfect personification of the absolute autocrat, as the popular imagination pictures Nicholas to be and which he is not. Nicholas is czar, and the ministry is the impetus to his action. Witte would have been both czar and ministry. He would have told the ministers what to do, not they him. With all his imperiousness, his uncontrollable initiative and characteristic go-aheadativeness unmindful of consequences to those in his way, he is the strongest man in all the Russias with the progressives and the masses. They fear him, yet recognize that in and to him is the hope of a material development that will raise the great country, rich beyond parallel in natural resources, to a recognized place in twentieth century progress."

The Transcript relates this incident of Mr. Witte's official life in St. Petersburg:

"There was a crisis at St. Petersburg about two years ago in consequence of a quarrel between the Grand Duke Michael, brother to the Czar, and heir to the Russian throne, failing the birth of a son to the reigning monarch, and Mr. Witte, the Czar's minister of finance.

"At a state ball the Grand Duke ignored the minister's bow and gave him the cut direct. Mr. Witte's face showed no trace of annoyance. He passed on through the crowded ballroom as if he had not noticed the public affront.

"High officials who had sought his favor the day before fell away from him. They avoided conversation

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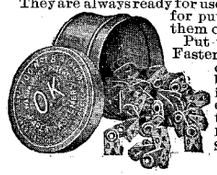

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with the man whom they thought to be disgraced in the eyes of his imperial master, and gathered instead around the Grand Duke. Mr. Witte's isolation was as complete as that of Richelieu on 'the Day of Fools,' when not a single courtier attended his levee, because all thought the king had quarreled with him finally.

"Like Richelieu, Mr. Witte was the victor. The next day he sought an audience with the Czar and placed the facts of the case before him.

"Because, in his capacity of Finance Minister, he had felt it his duty to refuse the Grand Duke certain large sums of money for military purposes, the latter had publicly insulted him. Unless the Grand Duke apologized to him privately and made atonement as publicly as the insult, he would, he declared, be obliged to leave the Czar's service.

"The Czar appealed to him to reconsider this decision, and pointed out how difficult it would be, in view of the dignity which hedges the Russian imperial family, to make the Grand Duke apologize.

"'I appreciate that, sire,' Mr. Witte answered, in effect, 'and I make no demand for an apology. You will, then, allow me to retire from my offices. My usefulness to you and to the empire is necessarily ended by this incident. No influence or authority can be left to me.'"

CURRENT EVENTS.

Foreign.

RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

July 29.—The Japanese apparently are planning to cut off Vladivostok, and that city is preparing for a bombardment.

July 30.—The Japanese in Saghalien capture the town of Rykoff, after a sharp engagement with the Russians.

August 1.—Tokyo despatches announce that the Japanese have proclaimed a civil administration for Saghalien. General Linevitch denies that the Russian army in Manchuria is surrounded.

August 3.—Russian destroyers in a dash from Vladivostok attack a merchant steamship off the coast of Korea.

August 4.—The Russian Governor of Saghalien, seventy officers, and 3,200 men surrender to the Japanese.

PEACE.

July 30.—M. Sato, of the Japanese Peace Delegation, announces that the demands of China and Korea for recognition in the peace negotiations will be ignored.

Great Britain is declared to be loyally supporting Japan in the peace overtures, and will support her demands, however rigorous.

August 1.—The Russian Foreign Office declares that Mr. Witte comes here with full powers, but with instructions as to the maximum concessions. The Czar is reported to have declared for the *continuance* of the war.

August 2.—Mr. Sergius Witte, senior Russian peace envoy, arrives in New York and reiterates his doubts as to the success of the negotiations with Japan.

August 3.—Korean delegates arrive at Oyster Bay to present a memorial to President Roosevelt.

August 5.—Mr. Witte visits President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay.

OTHER FOREIGN NEWS.

July 30.—The Zionist Congress refuses Great Britain's offer of land for a Jewish colony in East Africa.

The German Emperor sails from Dantsic to visit King Christian.

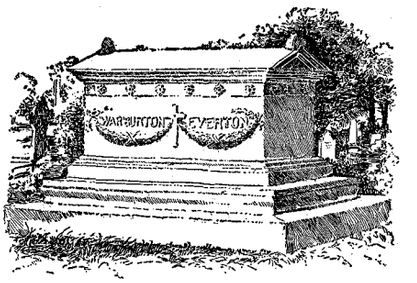
July 31.—St. Petersburg despatches state that elections for members of the proposed national assembly will be held in October, and that the first meeting of the new Parliament will take place November 14.

Emperor William arrives at Copenhagen and is received by King Christian.

August 1.—United States Secretary of War Taft and his party sail from Nagaski, Japan, for Manila.

The squadron commanded by Prince Louis, of Battenberg, sails from Gibraltar on a cruise to American waters.

August 2.—Emperor William promises to support Prince Charles of Denmark for the throne of Norway.



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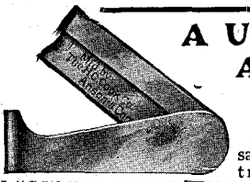

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August 4.—An attempt is made to assassinate the Governor of Saratoff, Russia. Cossacks kill thirty strikers in the Caucasus, and the disorders at Ekaterinoslav are spreading.

Domestic.

July 29.—The new scandal in the Agricultural Department, involving the connection of Professor Moore with the Nitro-Culture Company, is referred to the Attorney-General for investigation.

July 30.—The Southern Cotton Association, it is reported, will demand the resignation of Secretary Wilson on the ground of incompetency.

July 31.—Secretary Wilson visits President Roosevelt and outlines his plans for reforming the crop statistics. The Secretary says that he will remain at the head of the Agricultural Department and make it "clean and sound."

Attorney-General Meyer, of New York begins suits against all old directors of the Equitable Life, alleging mismanagement, waste and personal profit, and asking for an accounting.

District-Attorney Jerome, of New York announces that he will be a candidate for re-election on petition, but not as the representative of any man or party.

August 1.—President Roosevelt makes public a despatch from the National Board of Trade protesting against the retirement of Secretary Wilson and stating that public spirited men are ready to cooperate with him in reforming the crop reports.

The yellow fever situation becomes more alarming, cases being found in Alabama, and in Louisiana; six deaths and forty-two new cases of the plague are raported from New Orleans.

Secretary Wilson begins the investigation of graft in the Weather Bureau and the Bureau of Animal Industry.

Answering charges of contempt of court in violating a Federal injunction against the granting of secret rebates, the Atchison and Santa Fé Railroad denies that such rebates were granted following the restraining order, and alleges that rebates given prior to the order were necessary to meet competition.

August 2.—Attorney-General Moody, it is reported, will give his personal attention to the investigation of the scandals in the Department of Agriculture.

The fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Soo Canal between Lake Superior and the lower lakes is celebrated at Sault de Sainte Marie.

August 3.—Governor Blanchard, of Louisiana, orders the State militia to seize the revenue cutters aiding Mississippi in maintaining its quarantine, if they do not leave Louisiana waters. Fifty-four new cases of the fever are reported from New Orleans.

August 4.—New Orleans decides to ask the Federal Government to take charge of the fight against the yellow-fever situation. Louisiana naval reserves capture two Mississippi quarantine patrol boats.

The Department of Justice, it is said, is urging former Statistician Hyde, who suddenly went to Europe after his resignation, to hurry home and throw what light he can on the scandals in the Department of Agriculture.

CONTINUOUS INDEX.

Below will be found an index covering the issues of THE LITERARY DIGEST for the last three months. Each week the subjects for the week previous will be added, and the subjects for the issue fourteen weeks previous will be eliminated, so that the reader will always be able to turn readily to any topic considered in our columns during the preceding three months.

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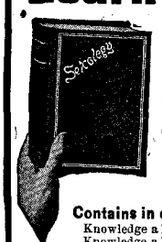

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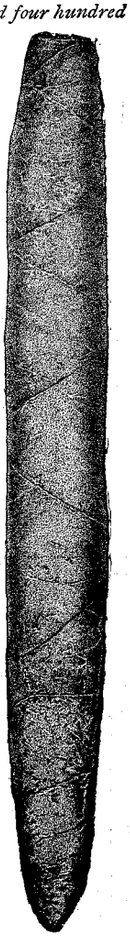

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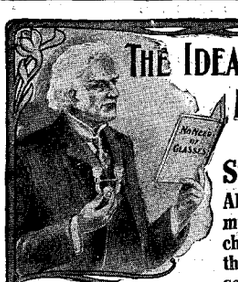

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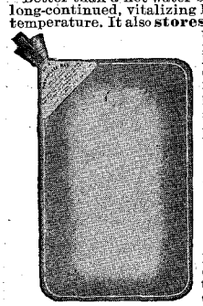

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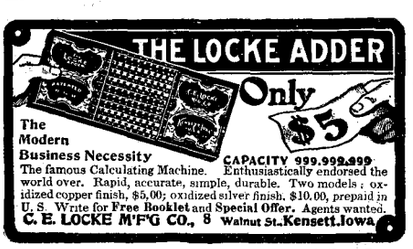

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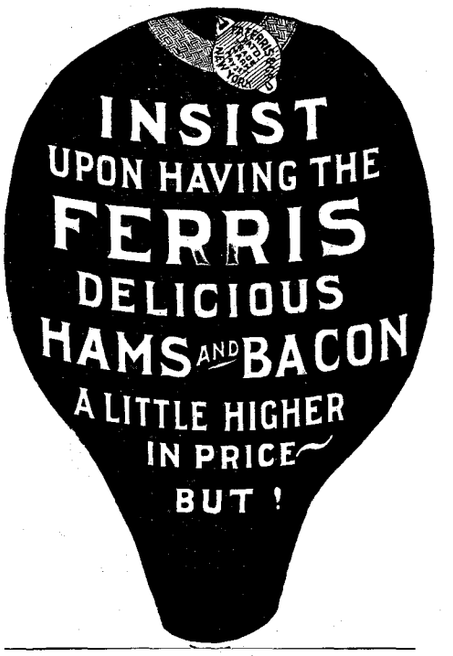

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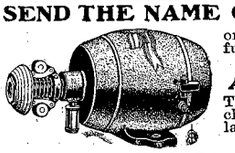

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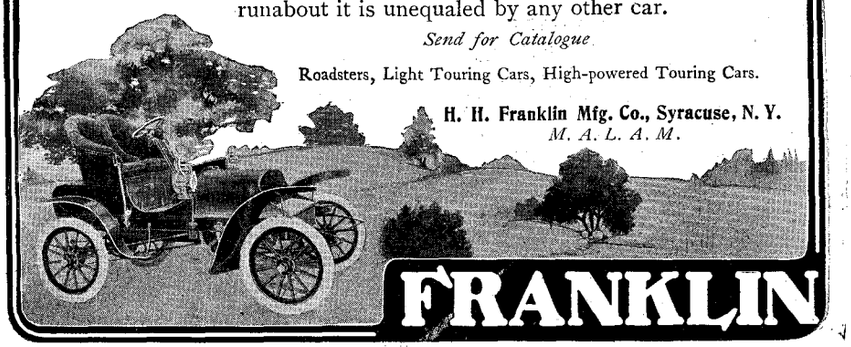

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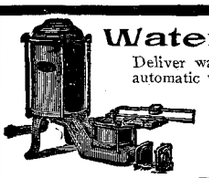

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Vice President Ballard Warns Sunday School Assembly Against It.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 14.—Before the Sunday school assembly in the Young People's Temple, Ocean Grove, this morning, Dr. A. E. Ballard, Vice President of the Ocean Grove Association, condemned public dancing, euchre and the theatre. His subject was "Permissive Amusements." He said in part:

"Perhaps there is no form of motion more insinuatively pleasant than the dance. With a bevy of laughing girls in the parental parlor it is commendable. In the gaze of the public eye it is a challenge to modesty. When to this is added the mingling of sexes, it cannot otherwise than impair the charm belonging to the freshness of its bloom."

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"It is a usage that under cover of respectability regularly titillates and tantalizes an animal appetite as insatiable as hunger, more cruel than revenge.

"The dance consists substantially of a system of means contrived with more than human ingenuity to excite the instincts of sex to action, however subtle and disguised at the moment, in its sequel the most bestial and degrading."

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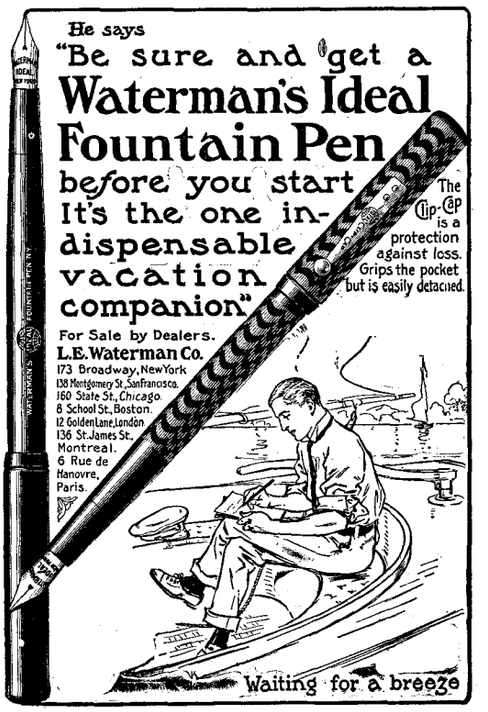

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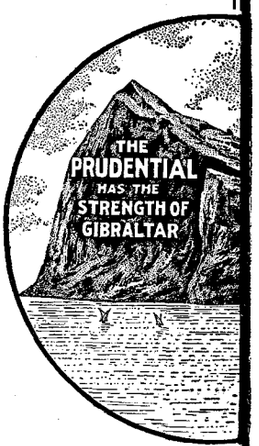

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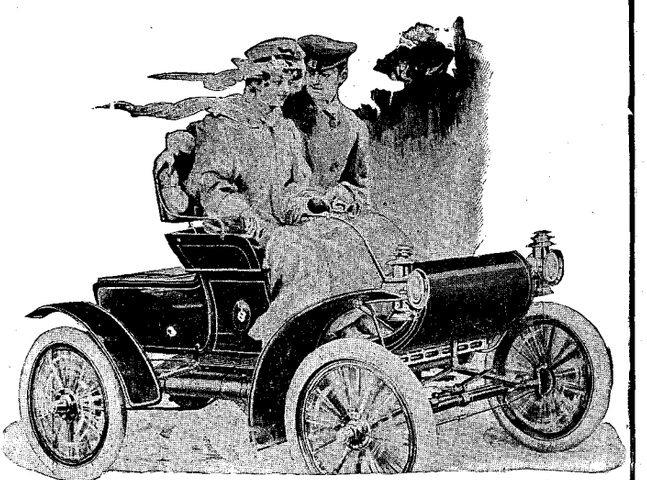

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